

The Listener

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J. Allan Cash

Young Nigerian boys in Lagos

A Prospect of Nigeria
By Margery Perham

Messianism in Primitive Societies
By R. J. Z. Werblowsky

'Imitation' in Painting
By Michael Ayrton

Early Pressure Groups in England
By Norman Hunt

G. D. H. Cole: a Socialist Intellectual
By Asa Briggs

Samuel Barber and American Song
By Scott Goddard

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The Listener

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The Candy Ration was Exhausted

ALISTAIR COOKE considers Mr. Khrushchev's motives

BEFORE we come to more agreeable domestic matters, I should like to squish my toes awhile in the muddy waters of Mr. Khrushchev's motives in coming to the United Nations. When his trip was first announced, I think it was agreed among the Western Powers that he was coming to make a simple resounding propaganda speech about disarmament, knowing that we would not accept it; and that therefore he could go home hurt, misunderstood—a figure of majestic pathos to the peoples of the Communist world. Then when we began to add up the number of new African nations there were going to be in this Assembly, we decided Mr. Khrushchev was here to woo them and to warn them of a ghastly future if they fell for the beguiling propaganda of 'the imperialists'.

But now it turns out that the new African nations—whether or not they can take care of their troubles at home—can take very good care of themselves inside the assembly of the United Nations. President Sukarno of Indonesia told us ringingly that the Asians do not want communism and do not want Western parliamentary democracy either. Guinea ticked off Mr. Khrushchev for his loutish manners. And I think these two setbacks—one an ideological repulse and the other a simple old Keystone Cops kick in the pants—must have pained Mr. Khrushchev quite genuinely. I say genuinely because no delegate or newsman that I have talked to doubts for a second that most of Mr. Khrushchev's tantrums are as calculated as a circus clown's swipes with a bladder.

When Mr. Khrushchev stayed on when all the other prima

donnas had gone home, some more ingenious thought had to be given to his missing motive. He still banged his bladder, shouting 'Disarmament!' and 'Colonialists!' the while, but there was a forlorn monotony about it, like that of a baby who hammers away with a spoon but knows the candy ration for the day is definitely exhausted.

Also there were other tantalizing distractions that Mr. Khrushchev could not have known about. Of course, he knew about the election campaign and most people surmise that in some subtle, undiscovered way, he meant to influence it. But he probably forgot about the World Series—the seven days of national agony in which the Pittsburgh Pirates dared to dispute the N.Y. Yankees' almost statutory right to be the baseball champions of America. The series swung back and forth with all the plunging suspense of the man on the flying trapeze. In the last game, all was lost several times—whichever side you were on—until the eighth inning when the Pirates had it 9-7. In the first half of the ninth inning (the singular is inning, by the way, not innings) the Yankees came through with their usual massive ease, scoring two runs and making it a draw 9 to 9. They always do this and they nearly always win. So that—as Groucho Marx put it, over the weekend: 'It's ridiculous to be for the Yankees—it's like rooting for United States Steel'. Well, after the Pirates' marvellous recovery, and then the Yankees' hairbreadth retrieve, we came to the last half of the ninth. Pittsburgh had its last chance. The Yankee pitcher rolled his shoulders and pitched, and the batter pounded it into

the crowd for a homer, for the game, and the championship.

I will not try to convey to baseball innocents the nerve-shattering melodrama of these last two innings. Baseball fans will not need to be told—they are already under insulin treatment for delirium. But I ask you to imagine a Test Match series in which England is 200 runs behind in the last innings of the last game—and nine wickets are down—and the last man is in and he is Stan Murgatroyd, the Yorkshire slow bowler who has never scored more than twelve runs in his life. Well, he scores 201 not out and England wins the Ashes.

The last game of the World Series had a similar preposterous Hollywood quality. But when Hollywood's absurdities happen in life they petrify the blood-stream. And in country towns and factories, on ranches and aircraft carriers, in airplanes, petrol stations, schools, and board of directors' meetings on October 6, American productivity and know-how, American scholarship and industry came to a standstill from coast to coast. We were never so vulnerable to surprise attack. Which brings us back to Mr. Khrushchev. You think I had forgotten him? Of course. Everybody else had—and when he was putting on his final fit men kept sneaking out of the General Assembly's auditorium—going off to the lounges and television monitors and (with the guilty encouragement of the Japanese and a few other baseball addicts) switching the channel to the Game. This is one thing I am pretty sure Mr. Khrushchev never counted on.

So what did he count on? Now that he has gone, and we can see that his visit has been something less than a propaganda triumph—especially among the coloured peoples who were supposed to be ripe for his blandishments—there is a new theory. It is based on the simple experience of his last two appointments with Eisenhower. Three days before he came here in the autumn of last year, the Russians shot a rocket to the Moon; and Mr. Khrushchev arrived to present a model space ship to the President. In the middle of last May they fired a huge four-and-a-half ton model to celebrate, or coincide with, the Paris summit meeting. This time the State Department was braced to hear that Mr. Khrushchev's ship, the *Baltika*, had docked in the East River just as the Russians shot a man into space or had fired a rocket to Mars, which evidently is in a favourable position just now to be shot at. The State Department's guess is that someone blundered at the launching pad or that the big surprise was not ready for launching.

A More Sinister Suggestion

There is a far more sinister suggestion, which I have not seen in print, but I will mention it, and shudder, and move on to the comparative serenity of the American heavyweight championship between Irish Jack Kennedy of Boston, Mass. and Slugger Dick Nixon of Whittier, Calif. Nothing that I can see is to be gained from covering up the central anxiety of some powerful officials in the big defence installations in California, Omaha, and the Pentagon: that we do not yet have the Nike-Zeus as an operating weapon, that the Russians do not have one that we know about, but that they might beat us to it. The Nike-Zeus is not the ultimate weapon—but it might be the graveyard of America's deterrent weapons. It is an anti-missile missile and there is no question that the first nation to get one that is predictably accurate will have such an aggressive advantage as the world has not seen since the comparatively blissful days in the middle nineteen-forties when our enemies were prostrate, the Allies were trying to sew together again the shattered fabric of Europe, and the United States alone had the nuclear bombs and a thundering economy with which to make them.

As Mr. Khrushchev left, on the shocking note of shouting, 'If you want war, you can have it', the defence men were bound to wonder if the Soviets have, or will soon have, an anti-missile missile that could divert to the Poles or frustrate in mid-Atlantic the instant deterrent power that America would bring to bear in case of a Russian attack. On that day, the Russians could devastate much of this country and save themselves from any comparable destruction. The 'edge' as we like to call it, would be the power to survive over the great power they might ruin. Of course, the same fear must work in reverse, and our weapon—the Nike-Zeus—is known about and named, and being feverishly worked on.

The thought that mushroomed into the minds of some technical men, therefore, was the grisly one: suppose Khrushchev knew that his anti-missile missile was almost ready. Could he not then hand us all an ultimatum? He would need only the trumped-up moral pretext for the ultimate attack. And at this Assembly he has been slaving overtime to give Soviet Russia the appearance of the peacemaker spurned, the great and misunderstood martyr. It is a thought: a frightful one, but when we talk about revision, or the voluntary abolition, of our nuclear stockpiles, it is a thought to ponder.

I may be talking into a damp autumn fog, and for all I know the rain may be dripping down your window panes, and you may think me very morbid. But it is possible to have these awful thoughts, and think them with comparative calm, when the world is shining. And we are now well and truly launched on the flawless hot days of Indian summer. And this week, as we can never forget, the Pirates snatched the World Series from the Yankees in a game which even baseball scholars, who are as snobbish as professors in avoiding superlatives, agree is probably the finest baseball game in the history of professional baseball.

The Coming Presidential Election

Also, the departure of the nabobs to India, and the satellites to the Balkans, and Mr. Khrushchev to the launching pad or (as we prefer to hope) the drawing board—this exodus of all our critics and enemies has left us free to breathe and to turn our attention, and about time, to the great event which—you will be delighted to hear—will be all over in three weeks' time—the election.

To make a grand strategical summary, I will report at once that the pollsters are biting their nails. They cannot remember an election when they were so worried, so uncertain, so fearful that they would call it the closest election of modern times and then wake up on the Wednesday morning in the wash of a landslide. One apology we can make for knowing so little about the coming fate of Nixon and Kennedy, and it is a fair thing to contemplate in retrospect. Roosevelt in 1932 made a bold and dramatic appeal to the American people in the depth of the depression to stand up and conduct themselves like men and recognize that they had nothing to fear but fear itself. His appeal, it turned out, was exactly what the country needed, and he improved the lot of so many sorry millions (never mind the effect on the budget and the national debt) and gave people the feeling that they had redeemed their manhood and their womanhood, that he grew into a champion and a historic leader. In 1952 we were easily attracted, as between the gentle Stevenson and the dazzling Ike, to the chief American hero of the second world war. As Stevenson put it in the most plaintive sentence he ever spoke: 'Who did I think I was running against—George Washington?'

No 'Champ' this Year

This year there is no 'champ', no national hero, and the situation is novel enough to disturb us. But the world is obviously in ferment, and our lack of a giant to stir the pot annoys some people and frightens others. Senator Kennedy is trying to voice a rather painstaking and I should say academic imitation of Roosevelt appealing for sacrifice and Churchill pleading for gallantry in the face of death. Unfortunately—I mean for the personal ambitions of Mr. Kennedy—we do not have eleven million unemployed, and we have not just had a Dunkirk. He may well be right that American prestige is shrinking all around the globe, but Americans do not like to hear it and meanwhile there are two cars in the family garage and a chicken in nearly every pot. Mr. Nixon tells us, with increasingly plausible dignity, that running America down is no way to build her up. He thinks we are doing fine and must do even better.

This quarrel over the state of American prestige seems to me to be *the issue*—as far as the outcome of the election is concerned. In a big slump we would believe it. But may I say, before descending in the next week or two to looking over the so-called issues with a microscope, that it seems to me that if Kennedy wins, America is far more disturbed at heart and more daring than we have been led to believe.—*Home Service*

A Prospect of Nigeria

By MARGERY PERHAM

I HAVE recently returned from attending the independence celebrations in Nigeria. I can still feel their warmth: not the humid physical heat of Lagos, but my warmth of gratitude for such splendid hospitality and the warmth of the Nigerians' recognition—their frank, generous recognition—of the part Britain has played in making their country. On all sides I heard the determination that Nigeria should remain united, and peaceful, and so take a leading place—perhaps the leading place—in Africa.

This preoccupation with unity is fundamental. For we all know that here, as in the rest of Negro Africa, the existing states were created only some sixty or seventy years ago by the European powers drawing boundaries round great blocks of Africa and enclosing sometimes hundreds of diverse and independent tribes. Nigeria's boundary was not finally drawn until 1903. It was put under one administration by Lugard only in 1914. The result is a state four times the size of the United Kingdom, holding some 35,000,000 people, seven times more than Ghana. And it is attempting to retain this unity in independence just when another large block of Africa has failed in the same attempt and is in an agony of dissolution. Indeed the Congo hung in the back of our minds like a spectre at

the Nigerian feast. In Nigeria's own prospect lie elements of strength and weakness, deeply intertwined, causes for hope and for doubts.

Reason for hope lies in the material out of which Nigeria was made. West Africa was far less isolated from the world than most of the continent south of the Sahara. Nigeria was open at both ends. Upon the north influences flowed down, a little languidly perhaps, from the more active civilizations beyond the Sahara. Islam penetrated slowly during the Middle Ages. And much later the south coast was reached by the ocean-going ships of Europe's age of exploration. True, they traded first in slaves, but they did not, like the Arabs in the east, have to ravage the country for their slaves, since there was a ready supply on the coast. So the first Europeans to penetrate found in the north the large, red-clay cities of the Hausa-Fulani peoples, spreading round the mosques and the labyrinthine palaces of their emirs, with lettered and learned men, law-courts, a system of taxation, and a network of trade routes reaching far beyond the future Nigeria. South, in Yoruba country, they again found spreading walled cities, a people with a widespread, intricate, pagan culture and, as in the north, weavers, dyers, metal-workers, and other craftsmen. Elsewhere



The Nigerian Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa

hill and forest had sheltered a poorer and more primitive way of life, above all among the large Ibo and Ibibio groups of the south-east, peoples without cities and with little organization above the clan. Yet archaeologists and historians are finding every year in Nigeria more evidence of cultural links which cross tribal and regional boundaries, representing a widespread complex of some of the most remarkable, beautiful, and ancient sculptures in Africa. A striking sight during the independence celebrations was the stream of Lagos people—20,000 or more a day—men, market women and toddlers, suddenly queueing up at the museum to see these evidences of their art and their unity. Certainly Britain found here no waste of barbarism; but a land of peoples divided, various, and at many levels of culture, but with areas of considerable homogeneity and advanced political structure.

Nigeria's next advantage lies in forty-six years of unified government under Britain. But the matter is not as simple as it sounds. Britain let loose in Nigeria two contradictory influences, those lying at the very heart of her own historical experience: autocracy and liberty. Britain has perhaps shown that a democracy can rule an empire, but also that it cannot rule it consistently. I believe it may be just this inconsistency which saved her from the kind of immediate, all-embracing success, the stifling control which could have been broken only by a violent upheaval.

I can only explain this historically. Britain introduced the concepts of liberty and democracy by starting, as soon as she annexed Lagos, a Legislative Council which was certain to be regarded as an embryo parliament. She also introduced British law and law courts to Lagos. This sent coastal Africans hurrying early to England to master the legal heritage of their masters, including their civil liberties, while the new schools taught English history, and with it ideas of nationalism, and democracy, and unity. On the other hand, as she went on to annex the immense hinterland, British control was—perhaps at first it had to be—purely authoritarian. But how did her autocratic Governors,



A Northern Nigerian emir with his bodyguard

J. Allan Cash

especially Lugard, use their powers? To create local governments carefully constructed to fit the mosaic of existing native societies. And these range all the way from a great emirate like Kano, with large revenues and powers of life and death over tens of thousands, down to little councils of elders for shy, naked, pagan groups. The system of indirect rule was like a steel grid with slots of various shapes and sizes holding the hundreds of native societies (now called Native Administrations), peaceful, secure, even efficient, but separate. But the grid could not continue to be entirely effective. The peace and the new communications, the rapidly increasing wealth, Christianity, education, clerical work for the British Government, wage labour on roads and mines—all these resulted in increasing mobility and in numbers spilling out of their tribal slots. There was an ever-growing company of secondary school and university men, especially in the coastal towns. They

began to demand not indirect rule and local government but an increasing share in a central government, not division but unity, not tribalism but nationalism, not subordination but control.

It is largely due to the very anomalies of British rule that Nigerian nationalism found its voice. The pressure began between the wars. It was voluntarily throttled down during the last war, to burst out with renewed strength after the peace. There was—let us admit it—some bitter conflict, though only of words, while Britain hesitated, appalled by the size of the change demanded. But our hesitation was brief, and the Nigerian leaders have shown a remarkable patience and flexibility during the decade of commissions, conferences, and constitutional experiments which led up to the present constitution and independence.

This constitution starts with two great advantages. It has not been imposed from Britain but has been hammered out over several years by the Nigerians themselves. Secondly—and I think this is one reason why independence has been so smoothly and amicably achieved—there has been a very large transfer of power under the present Governor-General not only in the Regions but at the centre.

The fact remains that the constitution itself is a forced marriage between diversity and unity. The diversity rests in the three regions. The Western Region, with Lagos detached as the federal capital, holds nearly 7,000,000, two-thirds of which are Yoruba. The Eastern Region has 8,000,000, and again two-thirds belong to the dominant tribe, the Ibo. The Northern Region is disproportionate—three times as large as the others put together, and holds 18,000,000, more than half of Nigeria's total population. Here again the dominant group, more religious than tribal, that of the Muslims, is roughly two-thirds of the whole. These regions each have their own Regional governments, with Houses of Assembly and Houses of Chiefs.

To hold together these diverse and uneven parts the Federal government has been given strong powers: foreign policy and defence, major communications, external trade, a complex but powerful control over revenue, the ultimate command over the police—the result of a long controversy—and the power to obtain external loans. Nigerians hope that this last will be an impor-

tant matter. For Nigeria is one of the poorest countries in Africa.

This is the *form* of the constitution, but without a motive power to make it work it would be like a motor car without petrol. The motive power was artificially supplied before by Britain from outside. Now it must be supplied from inside, by the Nigerians. Like other African peoples suddenly presented with a democratic constitution and universal franchise—only the Northern women being left out—they have had to construct political parties to activate the links between leaders and electorate. Dr. Azikiwe started in good time with his N.C.N.C. party; Chief Awolowo followed with the Yoruba Action Group; and then came the Northern People's Congress—N.P.C. But it would be too much to expect the new voters to act as individuals on ideological grounds. In fact the parties are based mainly—not entirely—upon the three dominant regional groups. In so far as each region shows dissident votes they are cast less for another party than as an ethnic protest against the dominant group by minority tribes. Federal unity, therefore, is balanced somewhat precariously upon a tripod of the three regional parties, with North and East in coalition and West providing the necessary opposition. At present it is almost as though no one dared to breathe lest the tripod should shift and topple.

Beneath this difficult restraint regional differences are great. I believe that the Ibo are the main force for unity. They need unity. As the poorest region—though perhaps their recent strike of mineral oil will change that—they have had to pour out of their overcrowded forests to seek work all over the other regions. Again, having

no great history, no impressive chiefs or cities, they need to find their pride, their fulfilment, in Nigeria itself. Able, individualistic, hard-working, democratic, they could be the unifying leaven, and Dr. Azikiwe could properly express, as Governor-General, not only the independence but also the unity for which he has worked so long.

What a difference in the West! Here the Yoruba with their large cities, their long traditions of unity, their rich intricate pagan culture, their early contact with Europe, its Christianity and education, their superior wealth, their almost bourgeois society—they tend to be self-sufficient, their leaders more concentrated upon building themselves up—indeed building themselves *in*—as a self-sufficient and well administered welfare state. The only danger for the Action Group is that some Yoruba townspeople are now so sophisticated that they are beginning to vote as electors should, by conviction, for the Opposition party.

Turn to the North, to princedoms with centuries of authoritarian rule behind them, and a conservative, apparently docile, Muslim peasantry. When you see one of their emirs ride out from his palace attended by his bodyguard and richly robed officials upon some great Muslim festival, and watch the delight of the crowds in their great man, you do not wonder that the Prime Minister of the North comes from the royal and holy lineage of Sokoto, or that he prefers his Regional office to that of Federal Prime Minister. Could this pageant of high authority disintegrate? Could this North ever bow peacefully to a non-Muslim majority? The emirs have certainly made some concessions to modernity in recent



The state opening of the Nigerian Parliament in Lagos on October 3, as Princess Alexandra read the Queen's speech

years. And their great over-all majority depends upon their holding within their party the so-called middle-belt, their southern fringe of mixed pagan tribes who long ago welcomed the Christian and western educational influences the Muslims disdained. Now the proud Northerners suddenly find themselves at a disadvantage with the once despised pagan South and their leaders are desperately building up western education and ruthlessly weeding out the Southerners who have for so long supplied their lack of trained men. The other parties could filch away the allegiance of the Northern pagans. The Action Group has had some success in this direction. Unfortunately for Southern political agents, to stir up simple tribesmen against their age-old masters comes close to incitement to revolt, and this evokes police action.

The future lies in the gradual dissolution of the tribal and regional solids into a true fluid Nigerian electorate. The constitution does its best in a chapter of Fundamental Rights with a list of civil rights which out-Diceys Dicey. The whole constitution seeks to enshrine the British democratic pattern. But our minds turn to Pakistan, to the Sudan, to the 'guided democracy' of Ghana, to portents in Ceylon. We must remember, however, that these governments are responding to pressures which no copybook constitution can meet. In Britain we had in sequence across the centuries political and cultural unity, then strong central monarchical government, then widespread economic prosperity, and then universal education, and finally complete democracy. (I do not forget that I did not get a vote until some years after I had both my majority and my degree.) The Africans are having these things just exactly the other way round, and all in some sixty years. But in Nigeria the democratic colours are on the mast, the tripartite balance seems for the moment to forbid dictatorship and the habits of political co-operation and compromise may thus have time to grow.

Perhaps the greatest motive for unity and moderation is the Nigerians' desire to take their due place in the world. They enter the African stage like some chief actor for whom the world audience has been impatiently waiting while the minor characters

played their parts. There is so much tragedy today in Africa—north, centre, and south—so much tension in the east—that we look eagerly to Nigeria to use her strength for sanity and moderation. Here, for external and internal affairs, we come to one of Nigeria's greatest assets—her Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa. I have known him for some time and I have just heard his fine, full-throated, independence speeches. He has the *gravitas* of a great man with the double strength of his religion and his own integrity. Yet it will not be easy for him to fuse the diverse impulses of Nigeria and so write this new name in bold characters in the world's news. The N.C.N.C. may well cry 'Forward!' while the N.P.C. cries 'Back!'. The Muslim North may look north and east to the world of Islam while the South may want to experiment in contacts with the Communists—or Israel! Even so, as his speech at the United Nations shows, he will do his best to make Nigerian policy honest and moderate.

We can no longer influence that policy. We must stand aside, not even presuming upon the goodwill built up by the hundreds of our men and women who served Nigeria in the past, not trying to pull even the Commonwealth bond too tightly. Nigerians, like other newly independent peoples, want to go out into the world and judge themselves between men and nations. Yet they need our help—though not ours alone—if it is given in the spirit of equality. And above all they will welcome our help in the sphere of education. For the English language will be a growing bond since it seems that between the diverse regions it must remain the *lingua franca* and the official language for Nigeria. The report of the recent powerful Ashby Education Commission—a joint Nigerian-American-British achievement—sets a staggering programme of educational advance for the next twenty years if Nigeria is to man the technical and administrative services which the now dwindling British staff has begun. There would be no greater service with which Britain could crown all her past efforts than by giving generously, in men, women, and money, to the educational services by which alone these African peoples will be able to make of Nigeria not only a name but a nation.

—Third Programme

Assassination in Japan

By ANTHONY LAWRENCE, B.B.C. Far East correspondent

FROM all sides voices in Japan have been raised deplored the assassination on October 12 of the country's leading Socialist, Mr. Asanuma, and anxiously asking what harm it is going to cause Japanese prestige abroad; for everyone knows this is the third stabbing affair in recent months and it is all too easy to suggest that democracy is breaking down in Japan, and that we are back to the days of before the war when patriotic organizations of army officers used to murder Ministers they thought unworthy of the country's divine mission.

The young man who stabbed the Socialist leader was himself connected with an extreme-right organization. But in the last few days many Japanese have pointed out to me that there is a vast difference between the extreme right of before the war and the small fascist groups of today. Then, they had power and huge organizations; few dared oppose them; press and public opinion were intimidated. Now, the extreme right is beginning to develop again, but in a very scattered way, without political importance—at least, so far. It has no army backing. Often it seems to consist of nothing more than gangs of young thugs whose services can be hired. Yet it is being alleged by some Socialists here that sinister links exist between these gangs and some of the more conservative politicians and business men who have been frightened by the recent hooliganism of the Zengakuren students' body and feel they need protection. And in the campaign for next month's general election the Socialists will make an issue of this. It is all very well, they feel, for Prime Minister Ikeda to deplore terrorism, but what is he going to do about dissolving these extremist groups who would not exist if they did not get some financial support from members of his own party?

In fact, there is one development which is especially noticeable in Japan at the present time, and that is the sharpening of feelings between left and right. The more conservative elements are becoming increasingly angry with the excesses of the Zengakuren students' organization, with its partly Communist backing, which led to the cancellation of the Eisenhower visit and loss of orders for business. The Socialists, for their part, are indignant at the murder of their leader, with elections only a month away, and the Communists are busy quoting statements from Peking and Moscow to the effect that this assassination was the work of thugs, hired by capitalists on the orders of the United States.

However, the general feeling is that, shocking though the murder was, it is not going to affect materially the result of the coming elections. Prime Minister Ikeda is a more down-to-earth man than his predecessor, Mr. Kishi. He talks about wages and salaries rather than foreign policy, and this fits the mood of growing neutralism noticeable in Japan these days. He knows the importance of Japan's vast trade links with the United States, and he has done much to restore relations soured by the Eisenhower fiasco and the revised Japan-U.S. Security Agreement.

There seems to be only one factor which might defeat Mr. Ikeda's practical arguments: that is, that while the furnaces roar and the wheels turn and the millions of industrious Japanese forge their material prosperity, the long knife of the assassin, or the violence of the mob, might one day wreck all democratic government and turn the whole prosperity machine towards extremism and despair. In Tokyo today, with its torrents of traffic and vast crowds cheerful in the autumn sunshine, all that seems unthinkable; but it has happened here before.

—*'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)*

The Listener



BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1960

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English—Left and Right

THE main article in the current issue of the Cambridge undergraduate literary magazine *Delta* is devoted to an editorial attack on the English Faculty. This begins by quoting Professor C. S. Lewis, who has said that undergraduates reading English are ignorant of the classics and the Bible, and thus unqualified to comment on large sections of our literature; he also complained that they take themselves and their criticism too seriously. It quickly becomes clear that Professor Lewis is really attacking the 'radical' wing of Cambridge English, and that what we are witnessing is one more skirmish in the battle between 'tradition' (the classics, 'Q', the historical approach) and 'nonconformity' (Dr. Leavis, psychology, sociology, and practical criticism). It all began when a young Fellow of Magdalene called I. A. Richards started handing round poems without saying who wrote them, and actually had the nerve to ask his students to comment on them. He later collected some of the comments into a fascinating book which showed, among other things, that the ignorant can sneer at Donne and that some people can get more out of literature than others. From there, it was but a short step to T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, and *Scrutiny*. The classicists, who had meanwhile produced no comparable body of critical work, could only look pained.

There is thus nothing very new in *Delta's* discontent, though some of its specific charges are worth airing. But without becoming parochial, a few observations may be offered. English as a discipline cannot be wholly divorced from the historical past. All honours degree courses ought to include certain exercises which have to be done correctly. This does not mean that there is no room for originality, imagination, or variety of expression and opinion. But historians have to master the meaning of certain key documents; classicists have to scan Virgil and translate Livy, distinguishing as far as they are able between what he meant and what they think he meant. There must be an agreed hard core of fact. You cannot start selecting until you have some idea what there is to select from. It is all very well to sneer at Aristotle as irrelevant to our time. But who are the editors of *Delta*, who is any man, that they or he should call Aristotle irrelevant? The notion that, at the start of a higher education, you can dismiss this dead mind as irrelevant and embrace that one as relevant, is dangerous, for it implies judgment in advance of knowledge. The ability to assent to the canonization of George Eliot is not in itself necessarily evidence of a lively mind.

The Tripos papers are also criticized for putting a premium on 'examination adroitness' (a case might here be made for the importation of the Oxford *viva*). But are not all examinations to some extent confidence-tricks? The thoughtful and original individual who really cares about his subject has the rest of his life in which to contribute to it. The aim of a university education in the humanities should be to give students facts, data, and ideas from the whole of the past, not just those aspects or sections of it which happen to appeal to contemporary taste. It is not the job of a university to offer a man an education prescribed and chosen by himself, according to current idolatries, but to put him in touch with as many as possible of those dead minds of whom T. S. Eliot has said that, if we think we know more than they, it is because 'they are that which we know'.

What They Are Saying

The television interview with Mr. Khrushchev

MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S INTERVIEW on American television was commented on in many transmissions by the Soviet radio. Moscow in English for south-east Asia said that the interview had made 'a stirring impression on people, not only in the United States', and the Russian commentator continued:

In organizing the interview the television company displayed maximum ill will, creating an atmosphere of Cold War along the entire undertaking. However, this stratagem, as well as the efforts of Nikita Khrushchev *vis-à-vis* the American commentator who tried to make his questions as provocative as possible, could not lessen the impression. The people of the U.S.A., and not only the U.S.A., were able to hear the real truth about the Soviet peace-loving policy, about the real state of affairs in the world.

Another commentator, speaking on Moscow home service, said:

According to the foreign press, 75,000,000 tele-viewers listened to Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev with close attention and the overwhelming majority of these people are fully in agreement with the statement made by the head of the Soviet Government that our country and America should be friends. And it is not our fault if along the path of such friendship barriers are arising. Have we surrounded America with a ring of military bases? Are we sending spy planes into the American sky? No, we have done nothing to harm America.

Moscow in English for North America dwelt on Mr. Khrushchev's statement, reiterated in the television interview, that on the eve of the Russian leader's departure for the U.N. Assembly, preparations had been made to send more American spy planes over the Soviet Union. The Russian commentator noted the American State Department's denial of this, and went on:

A man with the position of Khrushchev will not joke about things which can lead to a world catastrophe. Certain information, which seeped through European newspapers after Khrushchev's talk with Mr. Thompson (the U.S. Ambassador in Moscow) proves that Washington leaders did have intentions of carrying out such a spy flight. This fact proves how lightheartedly the present U.S. leadership regards the fate of the world.

Chinese Communist transmissions quoted an article in the *Peking People's Daily*, which commented on the United Nations Assembly's rejection of the proposal to discuss China's representation in the U.N. The commentator noted that the supporters of the U.S.A. on this issue had become 'fewer and fewer'. Ten years ago 73 per cent. of the votes cast had been for the United States; this year the proportion had dropped to 43 per cent. The Chinese commentator concluded:

Although the United States position in the U.N. has become increasingly difficult, we know that American imperialism will continue to use the U.N. to carry on hostility to China. In such circumstances, as long as China's lawful seat is not restored in the U.N. we will have nothing to do with it. We are convinced that the countries in the socialist camp, headed by the Soviet Union, will stand on China's side for ever and that in the vast Asian, African, and Latin American regions, and in all peace-loving nations of the world, more and more countries will support China and more and more people will realize that no major current international issues can be settled without China's participation.

Soviet transmissions commented on the results of a poll in Russia by the Public Opinion Institute of the newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. The commentator said that the poll had shown most convincingly that the living standard of the Soviet people was steadily rising at a most rapid rate. At the same time, Soviet citizens had singled out as the most urgent problems: housing, wage increases, extension of the network of child welfare institutions, and an increase in the output of consumer goods. The Russian broadcaster went on:

They say in the replies that it is still difficult to buy a television set, a household refrigerator, good furniture, an upright piano. Undoubtedly this is a shortcoming, but this shortcoming, and it is of course a temporary one, serves at the same time as a striking illustration of the rise in living standards and the higher requirements of the Soviet people.

Did You Hear That?

CHANGE AT HYDE PARK CORNER

'APSLY HOUSE, on the edge of London's Hyde Park, looked very deserted as I passed it recently in the half-light of dawn', said JOCK BRADFORD in 'Today' (Home Service). 'The houses on its east side were down to the ground. Giant bulldozers and tunnelling machines were lying like prehistoric monsters in the screened-off areas round Hyde Park Corner waiting to restart burrowing the subways which, according to the L.C.C., are going to make everything all "hay and fine weather" for the traffic there in future.'

'I looked at the old stone building wistfully. Now converted into a museum, it always recalls to me the first Duke of Wellington's hawk-like figure which would appear on the steps whenever any troops passed by, and I thought how true to tradition it is that the Grenadier Guards still salute the house whenever they pass it—in memory of the days when he was their Colonel.'

'Then I remembered that 135 years ago the old toll-gate with its two toll-houses at Hyde Park Corner was sold and pulled down—by Act of Parliament incidentally—to "give free passage to horsemen and carriages between London and Pimlico". It was all more or less countryside round "The Corner" then, and the toll-gate was "one of the vexatious imposts which necessity required to be removed from a growing metropolis".'

'The account of the removal is intriguing—I owe it to my great-grandfather's scrapbook:

The sale commenced at one o'clock, the auctioneer stood under the arch before the door of the house on the north side of Piccadilly. Several carriage folks and equestrians, unconscious of the removal of the toll, stopped to pay, whilst the drivers of others passed through knowingly, with a look of satisfaction at their liberation from the accustomed restriction at that place.

The sale by auction of the 'toll-houses' on the north and south side of the road, with the 'weighing machine', and lamp-posts at Hyde Park Corner, was effected by Mr. Abbott, the estate agent and appraiser, by order of the trustees of the roads. They were sold for building materials; the north toll-house was in five lots, the south in five other lots; the gates, rails, posts, and inscription boards were in five more lots; and the engine-house was also in five lots. At the same time, the weighing machine and toll-houses at Jenny Whim's bridge were sold in seven lots; and the toll-house near the bun-house at Chelsea, with lamp-posts on the road, were likewise sold in seven lots. The whole are being entirely cleared away, to the relief of thousands of persons resident in these neighbourhoods. It is too much to expect everything vexatious to disappear at once; this is a very good beginning, and if there is truth in the old saying, we may expect 'a good ending'.

'I wonder what the author of those words would have to say about Hyde Park Corner today'.

I LIKE THIS MODERN WORLD

'Although I am now in my seventy-fourth year', said SIR HAROLD NICOLSON in 'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme), 'I am not among those who spend their time lamenting the loss of former elegance and wealth. The Victorians may have been monoliths of enterprise and integrity, but I have never cared for monoliths; what I like is the infinite varieties of shape and

colour that since then the school of Freud and Jung have taught us to recognize and appreciate. Nor did I really care for the Edwardian epoch which seemed to me to be snobbish without being distinguished, smart without being aristocratic, rich and self-indulgent without being civilized.'

'Some of you will also remember those *foie-gras* days. The men all talked as if they had cigars in their mouths and the women all talked as if their mouths were full of *foie gras* and



Hyde Park Corner in 1813, showing the old toll-gate in front of Apsley House (left). St. George's Hospital is on the right

caviare, as indeed they often were. Then they all used to devote hours to cards. Even on summer afternoons when there was a smell of mown hay in the air and when the roses gleamed in the gardens, our elders were seated in a stuffy room indoors around the bridge table being unkind to each other, holding what was called a "post mortem" after every rubber, and saying waspish things.'

'I once belonged to a club founded by King Edward VII at which his genial majesty would often dine. At the end of the day I was obliged to go back to my rooms, don a white tie and collar, put on tight patent-leather shoes, and thus arrayed venture into my club for dinner in case King Edward might also be there. A friend of mine, who was taking the night train to Scotland, and who took it for granted that the King would not be in London in August, once committed the outrage of dining at the club in a soft shirt and a tweed suit. To his horror the King, who was passing through on his way from Cowes to Balmoral, entered the room accompanied by his equerries. The convention was that we were not supposed to notice the King when he came in, although when he went out we were supposed to rise in our places and bow. My friend was seated at the writing table and his hands trembled at this august and intimidating entry.'

"Who is that young man?", he heard the King ask his equerry. The latter gave the guilty name. "Ask him to come here", said the King. Trembling in thigh and arm my friend approached the presence.

"You must be taking the night train to Scotland", said the King, realizing that in ordinary circumstances no Foreign Office clerk would dare to dine at the club thus undressed. "May I offer you a glass of brandy?", the King added.

'So all passed off with pride and glamour, and my friend subsequently became a distinguished ambassador and a peer of the

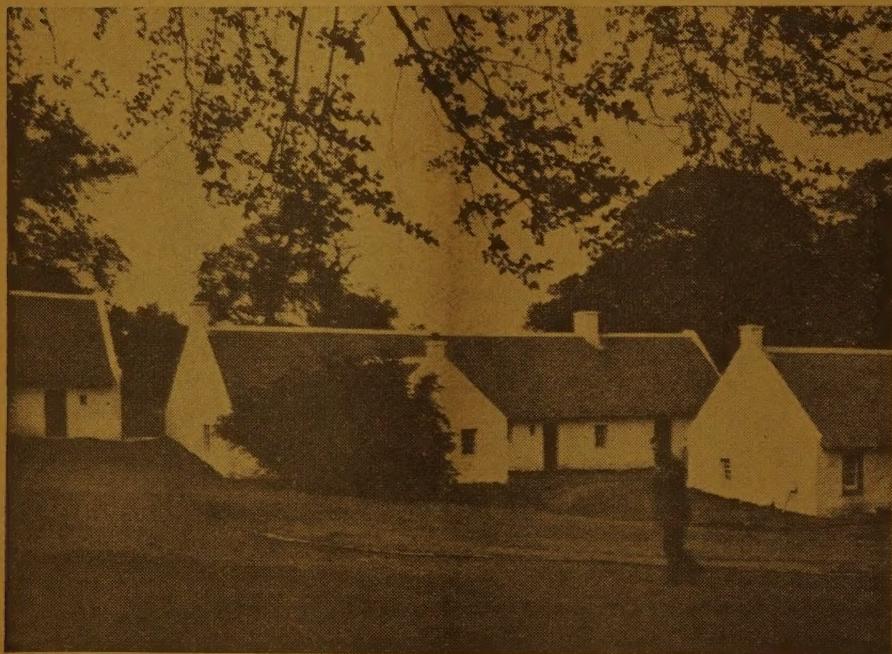
realm. But today we should never find ourselves in so alarming a situation, in that we could all dine at our clubs tomorrow dressed in bikinis without anyone paying very alert attention. It is thus that liberty has been won.

'There is another thing that has rendered me enamoured of the present age. It is clothes. When I was young, women dressed either expensively and in frills and furs or else drably. The factory girls, for instance, seemed uniformly faded. Today, with the taste and expansion of the chain stores, they can afford to buy lovely frocks which render the streets of Paisley or Wolverhampton as gay and bright as a herbaceous border, being white and blue and red and mauve and green and yellow. Surely you admit that this is an improvement? And have you noticed how beautifully even the poorest children are now dressed? I assert that, in spite of the insecurity in which we live, England is a far gayer country today than it was in 1912. And I think gaiety are the roses of life, or would it be more grammatical to say "is

can sell those extra 5,000 copies they bought over lunch in the Frankfurter Hof hotel? How many others are being asked by their stay-at-home partners why they secured such a disappointing advance on royalties for the translation rights of so-and-so's outstanding novel?

'Every night after the Fair there are parties, and this year the most outstanding was acknowledged to be the one that Penguin Books gave in the Zoo to celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary. Nothing could have been more appropriate than Sir Allen Lane receiving guests in the aquarium against a background of penguins looking a little superciliously down on publishers and booksellers from several continents.

'The success of the Fair is proved by its uninterrupted growth. It was started by the West German book trade association in 1949 to succeed the traditional Leipzig Book Fair. The first Frankfurt exhibition was confined to 205 German publishers. Next year a fair number of Swiss publishers participated, and a few Austrian and French. Two British houses alone thought it worth while showing. This year 680 German firms were represented, and 1,222 firms from twenty-eight other countries. Two hundred and twenty-three British publishers had books there, the largest foreign representation, with the Swiss and French following them. Most of the foreign firms originally came to sell copies of their books to booksellers. Now publishing rights are their main preoccupation, rights and international publishing projects. For international publishing is one of the most significant developments in books since the war. The increased demand for books, and the rise in production costs, have combined to bring publishers together to plan joint editions of illustrated books for which no market is possible at an economic price in any one country. The Fair provides the ideal meeting place for such combinations'.



Seventeenth-century thatched cottages in Swanston village near Edinburgh

the roses"? Anyhow, when I hear people laughing in the streets it is like seeing a riot of roses, of Penelope, or Albertine, or Allan Chandler, or Madame Alphonse, or the great Dutch cabbage.

'You will agree, I am sure, that a high standard of civilization implies opportunity for all and liberty for all to express their own personalities and to contribute, unrestricted by rules or conventions, their own special talents to the general fund. There was no such freedom when I was young. There is that freedom today. I prefer bathing in the Atlantic to paddling in a soap dish. I like horizons to be wide and calm'.

THE FRANKFURT BOOK FAIR

'Last month I attended the twelfth and largest Frankfurt Buchmesse or Book Fair', said EDMUND PENNING-ROSELL in a talk in the European Services. 'Held each autumn, it is the most comprehensive—and to an outsider probably the most curious—annual assembly of books. Those who imagine the leisurely, scholarly air of a well-stocked bookshop are in for a shock. Much more prevalent is the atmosphere of the bourse or the commodity market—a commodity market dealing in futures; literary futures. The translation rights of a forthcoming biography, the paper-back rights of a new novel, the French, German, Spanish, or Greek editions of an Italian art book, the formation of an international publishing syndicate to launch a vastly expensive project—these are the ingredients of the Frankfurt Book Fair. Throughout the day shifting consultations of publishers take place on the innumerable stands in the stuffy exhibition halls, and continue in smoke-filled hotel suites well into the night. Now that the Fair is over, how many publishers back home are wondering whether they

R. L. STEVENSON'S SWANSTON

The village of Swanston, famous for its association with Robert Louis Stevenson, is being restored by Edinburgh Corporation. The work, which has taken about two years, will soon be complete. MAURICE LINDSAY went there recently to report on the restoration in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'The village of Swanston lies at the Pentland Foothills, a mile or two up from Edinburgh', he said. 'It is separated from the Scottish capital by a green belt which is to be preserved. Probably most of us would never have heard of Swanston, had it not been that in 1867, when Robert Louis Stevenson was seventeen, his parents bought a cottage in this "green fold of the Pentlands", as he called it, and for fourteen years Stevenson came there often. On Halkerside the shepherd John Todd taught him that "hillside business", and by the pool under the Shearer's Knowe, overhung by a rock, he tells us, he loved to sit and make bad verses.'

'Stevenson's cottage, which features in his book *St. Ives*, was for him a place of peace, and he wrote lovingly of "The garden in the lap of the hills", with its rocks overgrown with clematis, its shadowy walks, and of crows passing continually between the wintry, leaden sky and the wintry, cold-looking hills. It was these hills, seen from this village, which in in his most famous poem he asked that it might be granted to him to behold again in dying—"the hills of home".'

'Stevenson's home, Swanston cottage, which dates back only to the early nineteenth century, was acquired some years ago by Edinburgh Corporation. In recent years, however, the corporation has also been acquiring the ten thatched cottages that stand round the village green, and it is the work of restoration on these seventeenth-century cottages that is now nearing completion. I spoke to the architect who has been responsible for the restoration, and he told me that they had more or less had to be rebuilt inside. Indeed, although outwardly the cottages look as they always did, there are in fact only seven homes, three of the original ten being too small to make into modern homes by themselves'.

The Intellectuals and the Labour Movement

G. D. H. Cole

By ASA BRIGGS

G. D. H. COLE was born in the year of the great dock strike of 1889. He died a few months before his seventieth birthday. Cole is often taken as the classical type of the socialist intellectual in British politics, detached from parliamentary squabbles but always socially committed; critical of all kinds of manoeuvring but firmly convinced of the integrity of the socialist way of life. Ivor Brown has written of Cole as an Oxford undergraduate, commenting on his 'dark, dynamic presence': Beatrice Webb at a later stage of Cole's life declared admiringly that 'from the intricate convolutions of his subtle brain to the tips of his long fingers he is an intellectual and an aristocrat'. Cole communicated what he knew about the Labour movement by teaching in Oxford, lecturing to scores of scattered societies and socialist groups in all parts of the country, and by writing more books than any other intellectual of his generation—socialist or non-socialist. He also goaded, stimulated, and inspired hundreds of other people to participate in the varied activities of the Labour movement.

Frequently these other people followed a different line of thought and action from that which Cole himself advocated: this was notably true of the members of the 'Cole Group' who would meet in his college rooms in Oxford on Wednesday evenings. The diversity of thought and action was a measure of the strength of Cole's influence. He could communicate and inspire without forcing all his pupils into the same mould. He cared little for socialist conformity, less still for party lines, and in this sense, if in no other, he was an intellectual, preferring always (even when it was neither convenient nor fashionable) to think rather than to accept or to submit.

One of the fullest statements of his mature philosophy was the introduction to volume IV of his massive history of socialist thought. In it he seemed to be trying to see himself in perspective, to align himself retrospectively in relation to the great twentieth-century changes in which he had participated, on occasion as a prominent actor, more frequently as a skilled and knowledgeable observer. He wrote:

I was never under any temptation to become a Communist, because my attitude was basically pluralistic and libertarian and I was repelled by the Bolsheviks' conception of a social philosophy based on rigidly determinist principles and involving the unquestionable class-correctness of a single, unified body of doctrine, regardless of considerations of time and place. I believed—and continued to believe—that the essential foundation of liberty is freedom to choose, and that any 'good' society must be of such a nature to allow and to encourage this freedom and to include within it a wide diversity of autonomous institutions, each at liberty to shape its own policy within the general framework of a flexible structure of institutions between which

real disagreements can find expression and can be resolved by open discussion.

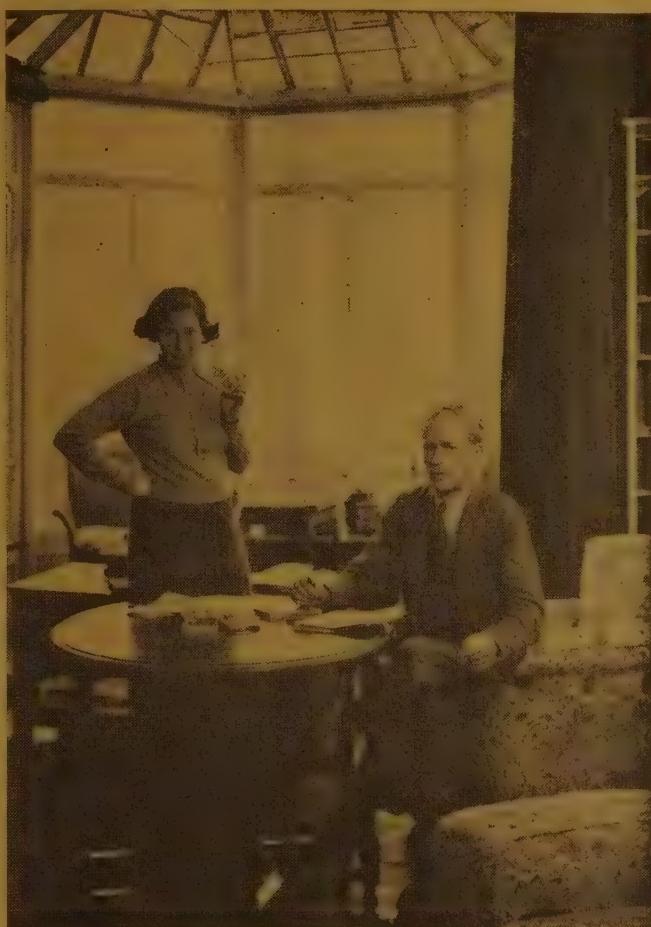
This long and tortuous sentence expresses the essence of Cole's intellectualism. He was not making a conventional plea for liberal tolerance: he was proclaiming tolerance as a socialist virtue. He often went out of his way to push on one side all kinds of residual 'Lib-Lab' talk about society. 'The very last thought

that could have entered my head', he wrote, 'would have been to look hopefully on the Labour Party as the heir to the Liberal tradition'. When he talked of the need for tolerance, he had Morris in mind, not Mill, Proudhon, or Locke. Yet as an intellectual Cole believed that there were 'real disagreements' and that there was a need for socialists to air them. 'Freedom to choose', he would argue, was not granted to large numbers of people within the framework of necessity of a capitalist society: socialists should not deliberately limit the freedom to choose in a socialist society. 'A wide variety of autonomous institutions', each generating energy as well as ideas, was worth a thousand efficient but soulless machines.

It is easy to stop at this point and to treat Cole as the classical socialist intellectual, more interested in ideas than in power. Or perhaps to go on to add that, since the 'Lib-Lab' approach to politics has been the foundation of Labour's effective power or share of power in twentieth-century British society, Cole was bound to be a peripheral figure in Britain rather than at the centre. Yet surely this is not the point to stop. Cole appreciated the need for a variety of socialist ideas—above all, perhaps, for a

spontaneous upsurge of ideas—but he did not (in his own mind) confuse debates about socialism with socialist effort or socialist achievement. 'Socialism as I understand it', Cole once said, 'is a movement as much as an idea'. In other words, it involved feeling as well as thinking, loyalty as well as argument, aspirations as well as principles. His deep knowledge of the history of the Labour movement reinforced this personal perception. It also made him catholic in his sympathies. He saw that the history of particular Labour movements within the movement—and he thought that there was, in some sense, one Labour movement—showed the importance of other factors in socialist progress as well as ideas.

But having said that socialism was a movement as much as an idea, he went on to add that it was an idea as well as a movement. The idea was basically a simple one—that 'the affairs of the community shall be so administered as to further the common interests of everyone'. There are no 'intricate convolutions' in this idea, which is not even a subtle one. Where the convolutions start is in the discussion of the means of putting the idea into practice. Many people who would accept Cole's general



Mr. and Mrs. G. D. H. Cole photographed in their home at Hendon before the last war

statement of the idea might disagree with the practical conclusions he derived from it. Cole would have been prepared to debate with them. This is what he thought socialist tolerance was about. What he did not feel inclined to debate was the idea itself.

Grounds for Being a Socialist

For a man who is often taken to be Britain's outstanding twentieth-century socialist theorist, Cole had thoroughly untheoretical reasons for becoming a socialist. He did not become a socialist for reasons of class, but neither did he go through any elaborate process of dialectical education. He said in 1951:

Converted by reading Morris's *Utopia*, I became a Utopian Socialist, and I suppose that is what I have been all my life since. I became a Socialist, as many others did in those days, on grounds of morals and decency and aesthetic sensibility. I wanted to do the decent thing by my fellow men. I could not see why every human being should not have as good a chance in life as I; and I hated the ugliness both of poverty and of the money-grubbing way of life that I saw around me as its complement. I still think that these are excellent grounds for being a Socialist: indeed, I know no others as good. They have nothing to do with any particular economic theory, or theory of history: they are not based on any worship of efficiency, or of the superior virtue or the historic mission of the working class. They have nothing to do with Marxism, or Fabianism, or even Labourism, although all these no doubt have a great deal to do with them.

This statement seems to me to put Cole's intellectualism into richer perspective. He had a great deal to do with Labourism; he guided not only Fabianism but the Fabian Society; he taught—or tried to teach—his fellow countrymen ‘what Marx really meant’, but his own reasons for becoming a socialist were at once more simple, more profound, and more compelling. It was for these reasons that, however much the world changed, Cole never ceased to be a socialist. On at least one occasion during the post-war world, when neither Labourism nor communism satisfied his social and political leanings, he set out to re-think his political position. He did not change it in any significant respect. The reasons that he had given for becoming a socialist could not be shaken. Cole was always capable of maintaining them passionately. More usually, as everyone who knew him at all well remarked, there was a contrast between the cool cogency and apparently effortless fluency of his arguments—he seldom retreated into metaphor—and the volcanic power of his convictions. He was the Enlightenment on the surface: the Romantic Movement underneath.

The International Progress of Socialism

During the last years of his life he was particularly interested in the international progress of socialism, and remarkably comprehensive in his knowledge and sympathies. Just because he was in no sense a ‘Lib-Lab’, he could appreciate what was happening in countries very different from Britain and certainly be appreciated in turn by socialists from these places. Unlike most socialist intellectuals in this country, Cole was peculiarly well equipped to explain why socialism could and might arrive in different ways in different societies. He could comprehend in one single sweep Britain, Europe, and Asia. It is notable that his last and in some ways most impressive book is the large-scale history of socialist thought, which bravely attempts to span the communist and non-communist worlds.

Yet in this last phase of his life Cole was far more interested in what was going wrong in practice than in evolving new theories. He was a sharp and persistent critic of what he called the disastrous tendency to model Labour's foreign policy on the conditions prevalent at home. He argued vigorously, for example, about the need for a ‘third force’, he wrote alarmingly about Korea; he pilloried ‘all the reactionaries from pole to pole’; he criticized many socialists who had been among his old pupils, who had worked with him in common causes, some of whom had attended the Cole group. Particularly when a Labour Government was in power Cole stood out prominently as an intellectual. He was never further removed than at this time from power himself. Yet even then he himself refused to state the basic problems of the world in terms of ideas alone. For him the main trouble was that ‘the entire leadership of British

Labour [had] shown itself incapable of putting itself in the place of peoples who have not grown up in the British parliamentary tradition’.

Much of Cole's prolific journalistic writing after 1945 was concerned with these themes. Yet the bigger international problems loomed, the more sure he was that his early and insular approach was right. The kind of socialism in which he had been most practically and fiercely engaged—guild socialism before, during, and after the first world war—contained within itself, he thought, the core of what might be described as socialist humanism. ‘I regard its insistence on the need to apply democratic methods of self-government to every aspect of social organization’, he wrote, ‘and at every level with the face-to-face groups as the essential foundation as vitally important for the reconciliation of Socialist planning with personal freedom, and for making democracy real in face of the need for large-scale organization and control’. Cole might be outside the British ‘Lib-Lab’ tradition but he was equally outside the foreign tradition that established the case for ‘democratic centralism’. For this reason he was in himself an intellectual ‘third force’, with all the practical weaknesses (and intrinsic fascination) which such third forces inevitably share.

Belief in Workers' Control

Yet in the heyday of talk of guild socialism he was much more than that. For a time he was thought of as the natural leader in this country of all those who put their trust in industrial rather than in political action. There is a certain symbolist significance in the fact that he was born in 1889. Cole began looking to the trade union rather than to the political party, to the strike as much as to the election. He never ceased to believe in what he believed in then—and fought for within trade-unionism—a concept of ‘workers’ control’ which would bring out the best in the working classes and consequently in society as a whole. The human appeal of workers’ control was far stronger to Cole than interminable discussion either about general elections, party whips, and the drafting of parliamentary bills on the one hand or collective bargaining about wages and hours on the other. Workers’ control was the proper antidote to the ‘undemocracy’ both of capitalist enterprise and of the bureaucratic state. For a time Cole had a genuine influence on a number of younger British trade-union leaders, who, as he subsequently wrote, were ‘in search of a half-way house between old-style trade unionism, with its limited objectives, and the full-blooded revolutionism of Tom Mann and the Industrial Unionists’. The failure to turn the half-way house into a destination did not shake Cole’s convictions: it robbed him, however, of the chance of becoming in a real sense a man of power.

There are some socialists who do not want to become men of power. I do not think that Cole fell into this category. Indeed, I feel sure that as a writer on socialism he wished to make an appeal not only to his own but to future generations. He himself clearly and frankly recognized what the main obstacle to his continued influence would be. ‘It has been put beyond question’, he wrote in 1957, ‘that substantial gains in real wages and very great developments of the social services can be achieved within predominantly capitalist social order’. A recognition of this important fact did not push Cole out of socialism; indeed, his socialism became stronger than ever. What it did do, Cole saw, was to make the task of producing more socialists, particularly among working men, increasingly difficult. Re-thinking about socialism had to begin there.—*Third Programme*

The second volume of Professor W. K. Jordan's *magnum opus* on philanthropy in England in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries has now been published with the title *The Charities of London, 1480-1660* (Allen and Unwin, 45s.). It is a detailed analysis of how different classes of the London community contributed to different social causes from education and church building to the alleviation of poverty.

* * * *

Messrs. Hutchinson have added two new volumes to their ‘New Horizon’ series of Concise Encyclopedias: *Western Philosophy and Philosophers*, edited by J. O. Urmson, and *Archaeology*, edited by Leonard Cottrell (£2 10s. each).

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'Imitation' in Painting

MICHAEL AYRTON on themes and variations in art

ACOPY is not in one sense original, and therefore people think copies are vaguely dishonest, near to forgery or something done by third-rate artists, by imitators, something rather to be sniffed at, mere copies, cheap imitations—these are phrases often bandied about. But are imitations necessarily always 'cheap' or 'mere'? They may be thought so because originality is today the most fashionable quality in the arts: critics extol it, painters strive after it, everyone admires it. Yet some 'mere' copies include those of Titian, such as his straight replica of Raphael's portrait of Pope Julius II. Titian made this copy on commission. He did it for money but he did not think that it lowered his station, and he was not alone in this practice. Rubens and many others made such replicas, because that used to be the only way to obtain a good reproduction.

The copy that Cézanne made—on the other hand—of an El Greco portrait was not done for money and not as a close reproduction. It was a copy made as part of the stern discipline which Cézanne, that most anxious and least facile of painters, imposed upon himself. This was a copy made to learn how it was done—an act of humility.

Renoir's copy of Rubens's picture of Hélène Fourment* was made partly for pure joy; and made because both Rubens and Renoir liked the same things in the same sensual way—plump girls and cheerful children and the rich harvest of the earth. And both of them, unlike Cézanne, were marvellously fluent in portraying it. Delacroix made copies out of the same kind of sympathy, and so did Degas and Manet.

Then there is another El Greco portrait, a portrait of a painter, and a copy—or rather a paraphrase of it, a transformation of it—by Picasso. This was made as an act of conquest. What one sees here is a curious kind of Spanish Civil War—a battle fought and lost, or won, or declared a draw if you prefer.

So, there are copies done for money, from humility, or discipline, for sympathy, from envy maybe, for conquest. Copies by the great of the great. Underlying all these reasons for copying is one fundamental one—the desire for possession. Not a collector's desire for possession, but something else. The excitement, the sheer thrill in the pit of the stomach, or up and down the spine, that you can get from coming face to face with a masterpiece: this is something everyone who cares about pictures knows, but a painter does not always respond with simple reverence or joy to such an experience. He wants something else: he wants to embrace the thing, to possess it, to master it in a physical sense, and the only effective way to make love to a

painting is to copy it, to get it under your hands, to make it part of yourself. If this kind of love Rubens was a Casanova, Picasso maybe commits rape. This is the love of adults and of equals. On the other hand, minor artists, much married to their own mannerism, hold tight to their crumbs of personality and tend to regard these love affairs as illicit relationships—as something they are vaguely ashamed of. This shame is new and rather silly.

It seems to me that the copies by the great of the great are all evidence of different kinds of response to the same impulse—the same passion of the artist to distil from other works of art his own solution. If it were possible to make a physical or chemical analysis of, say, a Poussin or a Picasso, I think one would find a large proportion of imitation of other art—some of it unconscious—together with other elements, with emotional impulses, observation of nature, intelligence and will-power. Now and again, as these substances are distilled in a man's own experience, a reaction occurs, and there is a deposit which is pure invention; which is something without precedent, which is *real* originality. And this is rare. These grains, this infinitely precious substance, produces a seminal image, and a seminal image in turn



'The Feast of the Gods', by Giovanni Bellini: in the National Gallery of Art, Washington

produces a large family of descendants. Such pictures draw artists back to them like magnets—they are copied, translated, modified, paraphrased, borrowed from, and paid homage to for centuries.

I would like to discuss what happened to two of them in conjunction with one another. These two were dropped like two pebbles into the pool of art and of time in the early sixteenth century, and, like pebbles dropped into a pond, the ripples spread outwards. First, Giovanni Bellini's 'The Feast of the Gods', a picture painted at the end of his life. Although it was painted in 1518 it was really the grand finale of fifteenth-century Venetian painting rather than a novelty, but it seems to have in it the essence of the Golden Age—a kind of pagan sunset glory, a paradise of quiet, and it is a symbol of everyman's dream of ordered peace.

It became the property of Alfonso d'Este of Ferrara, and he commissioned Titian, Bellini's pupil, to paint three more pictures to hang in the same room of his castle. Titian painted them, using the 'Feast of the Gods' as a point of departure. Naturally he did not copy it directly, but he used it. And then he even repainted the background of the Bellini to bring it into line with his own pictures.

If we compare one of Titian's three pictures, 'The Bacchanal', with Bellini's 'The Feast of the Gods' we see that where the Bellini is contained in a stillness derived from the classical severity of



'Sleeping Venus', by Giorgione: in the Staatliche Gemäldegalerie, Dresden

its composition, the Titian moves in complex diagonal rhythms. The figures swirl, their gestures are expansive and urgent. The 'baroque' is being born. In the right-hand corner of the Bellini is a sleeping girl, partly dressed. She is a little stiff in her pose and she seems to rest rather uncomfortably in her sleep. In the same portion of the Titian is the same girl—in a way the same girl—but nude; and she has ripened—she is heavier, more sensual and deeply, deliciously, asleep.

Between these two pictures lies another of the great seminal images of the world: the 'Sleeping Venus' of Giorgione. This extraordinary picture, unlike the Bellini, is without precedent in art: the Venus is a pure, formal invention, and she is pure magic. She is at once voluptuous and unapproachable. She is a girl and a goddess; she is a flower which is unopened; she is light and taut, and yet she sleeps in tranquillity. From this slender stem will come to grow pictures by Titian, Cranach, Rubens, Courbet, and eventually by Manet and Renoir. And she too is part of everyman's dream.

The incomparable and secret power of Giorgione is one of the great mysteries of art.



'Olympia', by Manet: in the Louvre, Paris

The relationship between Giorgione, who died very young, and Titian, who outlived him by three-quarters of a century, was a profound and close one. They worked together so closely that no one is really sure where they overlapped. Many pictures exist which may be by Giorgione or again may be by the young Titian.

Titian took the 'Sleeping Venus' and altered the nature of her sleep, from peace to drunken ecstasy, and he took her modesty from her, turned her round, and then laid her in 'The Bacchanal' where Bellini's chaste girl had lain in 'The Feast of the Gods'. Then Rubens copied 'The Bacchanal', and copied it faithfully; but in the process the northern wind of Flanders seems to blow; the weather has changed from gold to silver; and the sleeping woman falls into a deeper sleep—no longer as ecstatic as Titian made her; drunk not on wine but perhaps on beer, she is coarser, less noble, but no less alive, and with a sprig of foliage thrust into her hand her modesty is further gone.



'Venus of Urbino', by Titian: in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

Then Van Dyck took her and half clothed her again in his 'Amarillis and Mirtillo', which was taken not from Titian but from Rubens's copy of Titian. Then Nicholas Poussin, greatest of all French classical artists, took her, and she is again Venus asleep. But this is not the end. In 1635 Poussin goes right back to source and makes an exact copy of Bellini's 'Feast of the Gods'. We have come full circle—and still we are not finished.

Consider again Giorgione's 'Sleeping Venus'. Titian used her again, but this time he awakened her. In his 'Venus of Urbino' the head and lowered arm are different; so is the background. The rest of the pose remains pure Giorgione. Of the 'Venus of Urbino' Manet made a faithful little copy and then translated it into his famous 'Olympia', which is the Venus of the nineteenth century.

Meanwhile, the 'Feast of the Gods' is still alive, still glowing, still providing a living source. From it, and from Titian's 'Bacchanal' come other variants, other feasts and other bacchanals. Poussin, in the same year as he made

his exact copy of the 'Feast of the Gods' painted the 'Triumph of Pan'. More than 300 years later, on the day of the Liberation of France, Picasso, in Paris, listening to the sound of battle in the streets, turned to a reproduction of the Poussin and made his copy, his translation of the 'Triumph of Pan'.

This, then, is how the tradition to which we belong is fertilized; this is how the art of painting lives, is continually reborn. Works of art in any medium are not made in a vacuum. Few writers have never read a book and made use of what they read—as Chaucer used Boccaccio for his *Canterbury Tales* or as Shakespeare took *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet* from earlier plays on Romeo and Juliet and Hamlet. And who, after all, is not familiar in music with variations by one composer on themes by another. Some musicians, like Handel for instance, borrowed as freely from other composers as Rubens did from painters.

Early Pressure Groups

The Quakers and Dissenters

By NORMAN HUNT

PRESSURE groups are all the fashion these days. This is especially so in modern America—and it is becoming increasingly true of contemporary British politics. Certainly, in both countries, pressure groups provide much of the momentum of the political struggle. They are the means by which all of us in our different capacities—whether we are doctors, farmers, teachers, business men, members of the W.V.S., or trade unionists—seek to nudge and influence constituted authority.

A Safety Valve for Popular Discontent

Pressure groups were even more important in Britain before the days of universal suffrage and national political parties. In the early nineteenth century political associations like the Hampden Clubs and the Anti-Corn Law League served many invaluable purposes. They were a safety valve for popular discontent at a time when grievances generated more steam than the constitution could easily contain. They were a pattern for the organization of our political parties. They provided a forum in which people could practise the techniques of democracy before democracy arrived. They taught people to think politically. Before the great agitations of the nineteenth century they kept the oligarchy awake to the interests it was inclined to neglect and informed it of situations of which it would have been ignorant.

For instance, the Quakers. We do not usually think of the Quakers as a political pressure group. But they were perhaps the first fully organized and effective pressure group of the modern kind in English history. They organized themselves to this end in the seventeenth century. By the seventeen-thirties they were regularly running political campaigns to wring concessions from reluctant or indifferent ministers. They used virtually all the techniques of political agitation a hundred years before the Anti-Corn Law League—regularly collecting evidence in support of their demands, distributing this evidence in pamphlets and news-sheets, lobbying M.P.s in London and in their constituencies, and organizing deputations to members of the government. They drafted the legislation they wanted and defended their case in parliament. Above all, they co-ordinated these activities to strike at the right moment. They arranged for Quaker voters from the country to descend on Westminster just when their central executive saw that the right moment had arrived.

The Quakers could do this because they were organized. Their organization was a kind of pyramid. At its base were what they called Preparative Meetings. That is to say, each Quaker meeting turned itself into a committee to consider a particular question, often an urgent question raised by persecution. These Preparative Meetings were grouped into Monthly Meetings representing roughly a county. Each County Meeting sent two representatives to the London Yearly Meeting, and this London Yearly Meeting had been held every year without a break since 1668. This closely

Originality exists, is born miraculously and rarely. I do not mean the rest of us have not some kind of little touch of it—I hope we have—but no one has any control over it; it remains a mystery. To strive for more of it than one has is absurd; to wish for it is aimless. To count it indispensable to all works of art, as we tend to do nowadays, is to expect miracles to become commonplace.

Therefore, the word imitator is a rather feeble sort of insult. The greatest masters imitated each other down the centuries, weaving a pattern that neither begins nor ends. The 'Feast of the Gods' was born in the Renaissance, which was in the arts a kind of a Golden Age and looks back to a Golden Age far more remote. Venus rose from the waves in that first Golden Age. In the second Golden Age we see her lying sleeping, and in her sleep she moves and changes down a sequence of centuries.

—'Monitor' (B.B.C. Television Service)

linked network of Quaker cells needed only the regular direction of a central executive group determined to secure political concessions for it to become a political force of some importance. Such a need was met in 1675 by the formation in London of the Meeting for Sufferings. As originally constituted, the Meeting for Sufferings was a permanent committee of twelve London Friends. It met weekly from 1676 onwards—when it was slightly enlarged—and quickly established itself as the executive body of the Society of Friends. Its actions transformed the Quaker religious network into a political association.

We tend to think of the Quakers at this time as a religious body not a political one—and certainly this is how they have always thought of themselves. Moreover, we should least of all expect the Quakers to lead the way in organized political agitation. Their religious principles, at first, at any rate, were all against form and organization. The whole point of their sect was to provide men with the opportunity of behaving and worshipping individually as the Inner Light moved them; and their original attitude to the state was especially characterized by a resigned submission to the demands of political authority. Yet, in spite of all this, here we have the Friends by the time of Sir Robert Walpole as the best-organized group of political agitators in the country. What was it that made the Quakers develop in this surprising way?

The main explanation is to be found in the balance of forces produced by the Revolution Settlement of 1688-89. Before 1688 the political and constitutional climate prevented the Quakers making much headway. The first obstacle was the irregularity of parliamentary sessions; it was difficult, if not impossible, to plan a campaign of political agitation to get a concession from parliament when there was no certainty when parliament would meet or when it would be prorogued. Long gaps between sessions were another problem. Then, after 1681, the persecution of Quakers on religious grounds became much more vicious. In part this was retaliation for the boldness of their political agitation between 1675 and 1681. Suffering such extreme persecution the Quakers had not a sufficient foothold in legality or toleration to be able to agitate for better treatment. Finally, the Quakers were in the end able to gain concessions direct from James II without the need to organize the mass pressure of a political association.

Change after the Revolution Settlement

After the Revolution Settlement all this was changed. The monarch's personal control over policy gradually declined. Parliament was clearly a much more important body than it had been before, and it was, therefore, worth while to try to subject it to external pressure. Moreover, now that parliament met regularly in the early autumn or winter of each year and remained in session till the late spring or summer, it was possible to plan a pressure

campaign well ahead without the danger that it would be frustrated by an unexpected dissolution—as had happened between 1675 and 1681.

What really forged the Quakers into a political association, however, was the religious part of the Revolution Settlement. The Toleration Act of 1689 gave the Quakers the right to go to religious services in their own meeting houses. This was a most welcome relief. But their position in the state still left very much to be desired. For example, no provision had been made generally for the Quakers' conscientious objection to taking oaths. This meant that in civil life and relationships the Friends were in an impossible position—particularly in an age remarkable for the amount of swearing demanded of a man. Moreover, the Quakers were still subjected to severe prosecutions for their religious objection to paying tithes and church rates. Now that the Quakers were entitled to practise their religion openly, these civil disabilities seemed especially unjust. To seek further relief was natural, and the Quakers inevitably became political agitators after 1689; and the fact that they now had a legal right to exist gave them the scope, which had been lacking before the Glorious Revolution, to organize campaigns for further political concessions.

There was another worry which greatly helped the Quakers after 1689. This was the danger that the forces of Church of England Toryism would limit, or even retract, the religious concessions of the Toleration Act. The Friends were particularly vulnerable to such moves. Their special marriage procedure, their objections to oaths, tithes, church rates, and military service meant that a large number of parliamentary bills would affect them adversely and so upset the 1689 balance unless provision was made in these bills for these particular Quaker scruples. The Friends, therefore, had to keep a close watch on each parliamentary session. After 1688 the Meeting for Sufferings usually appointed a sub-committee to attend parliament daily to keep an eye on what was happening there. A solicitor was regularly employed to help. When a bill or a clause in a bill was spotted which would adversely affect Friends or did not make allowances for their special susceptibilities, the Meeting for Sufferings then went into action with a lobbying campaign either to kill the bill or clause—or to get it modified.

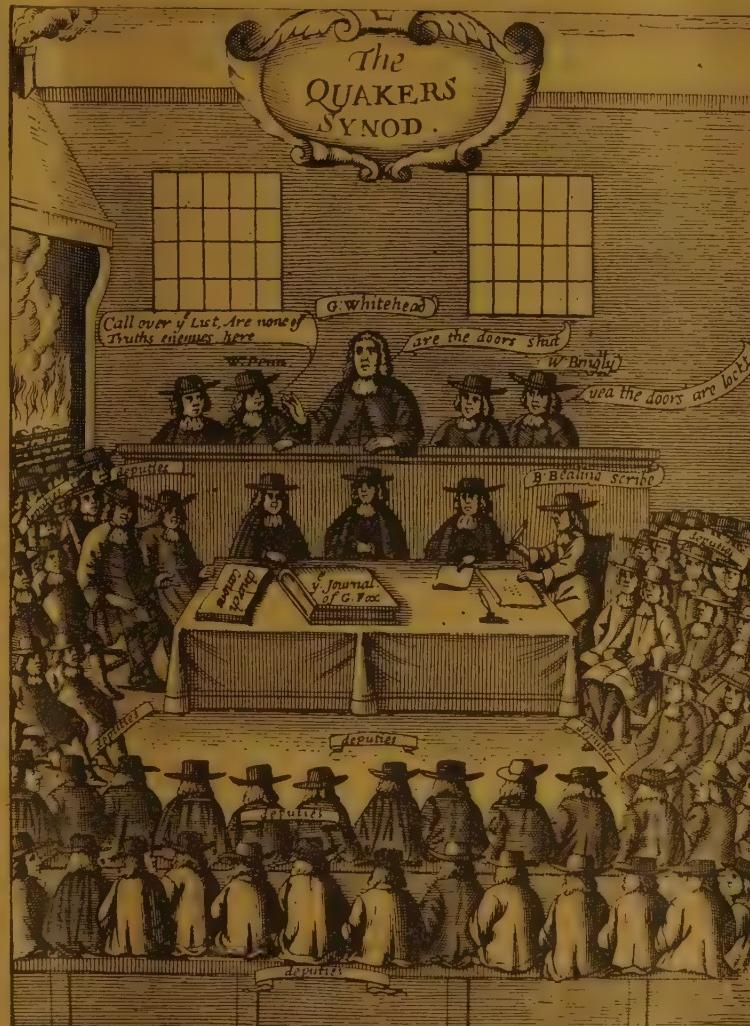
This regular, and mostly successful, defensive lobbying was the essential foundation of the Quakers' political development. It kept the Meeting for Sufferings constantly in touch with the political scene and gave it regular and invaluable practice in the art of lobbying and establishing political contacts. Without this, it would hardly have been possible to undertake so successfully after 1688 those offensive campaigns which were designed to sweep away the shortcomings of the Revolution Settlement—those offensive campaigns which more than anything else turned the Quakers into a political association.

Up to 1742 the Quakers undertook four big political offensives. In these they planned to mobilize the full weight of the Quaker

interest to gain further concessions from the government. The first secured for them the Affirmation Act of 1696—the Act which allowed Quakers to affirm in most cases where oaths were otherwise required; the second secured its renewal in 1702; the third produced an important modification to the Affirmation Act in 1722; the fourth was the Tithe Bill campaign of the seventeenth-thirties.

The first three of these campaigns certainly gave the Quakers invaluable experience in the arts of political agitation. But it was not until the Tithe Bill campaign that the Quakers exerted their maximum pressure. Here they used all the techniques of the later political associations—and they deployed their forces with exceptional political dexterity.

The Quaker impact on politics and government was by now so impressive that others with similar grievances were inspired to follow their example. In 1732 the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists joined together and set up a political association of their own. These groups of Dissenters had, ever since the Toleration Act, been subject to the same sort of pressures as the Quakers. Though the Toleration Act had granted them, like the Quakers, the right to practise their own religion in their own chapels, nevertheless they had, also like the Quakers, been left subject to Tory threats and to serious civil disabilities. In particular, the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists objected to the Test and Corporation Acts. These required Dissenters to take the sacrament in accordance with the rites of the Church of England as a necessary qualification for a large range of civil offices and appointments. And when the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists joined together in 1732 and set up their own political association—the Dissenting Deputies as it was called—the immediate purpose was to secure the



The Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, c. 1696: a satirical engraving of the period

repeal of this discriminatory legislation.

The Dissenting Deputies were laymen representing the various Dissenting Congregations in the London area. They formed a small executive committee of influential and affluent Dissenters under the chairmanship of that remarkable man Samuel Holden—a prominent and powerful Dissenter who was Governor of the Russia Company and a leading director of the Bank of England. The committee's job was to mobilize the full weight of the country's 250,000 adult Dissenters behind the Repeals Campaign. The Dissenting Deputies consciously modelled themselves on the Quaker pattern and practised the Quaker techniques.

The political agitation of both groups reached a climax in 1736. Then the Quakers, with the apparent blessing of Sir Robert Walpole, got their Tithe Bill introduced into the House of Commons. Its purpose was not to excuse the Quakers from paying tithes—for that was out of the question in the context of early eighteenth-century politics. Realistically, their Tithe Bill simply aimed to ensure that prosecution for non-payment was speedy and cheap. This was vital to the Quakers since their principles required them not to pay tithes except as a result of prosecution and constraint. In the same parliamentary session the Dissenting Depu-

ties brought forward their bill for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts—in the end against Walpole's advice.

Though the Quakers and the Dissenting Deputies were acting independently of each other they ran similar campaigns. Both groups had for a number of years been engaged in general 'softening-up' operations—the Quakers since 1730 and the Dissenting Deputies since 1732. They had been collecting evidence to support their case, producing and distributing pamphlets and propaganda to M.P.s both in London and in their constituencies, and had had regular interviews with Walpole and other members of the administration. When the climax came in 1736 both groups acquitted themselves magnificently, especially the Quakers. Hardly a pound of potential pressure was left unmobilized. Yet, though in terms of votes both groups came fairly near to success, they were in the end defeated. The Dissenting Deputies, undaunted, launched a second big onslaught in 1739. Yet again they were unsuccessful. But these were all failures on a grand scale—with both groups certainly showing that they were now the worthy prototypes of the later political associations.

To some extent the joint failure of these two associations to achieve their political ends in the seventeen-thirties has obscured the importance of what they were otherwise achieving; nothing succeeds like success; nothing breeds neglect like failure. Yet the reasons for their failure were by no means discreditable; they were certainly no reflection on their abilities as political agitators.

The most important reason for their failure was Sir Robert Walpole himself. Both the Quakers and the Dissenting Deputies realized that by this time Walpole had such a firm personal grip on government and so dominated the House of Commons that their best chance of achieving success was to enlist his personal

support. This they regularly tried to do. Walpole, for his part, was anxious to avoid any revival of religious animosities. So he annually agreed with their arguments but postponed their demands. Next year, perhaps, or the year after would be a more suitable time. This policy of all aid short of actual help kept religion out of politics, and the Dissenters remained loyal to his government. Here Walpole was helped by the nature of the Opposition led by Bolingbroke and Pulteney. This alliance of Tories and dissident Whigs could have nothing to do with the Dissenters. *The Craftsman* never exploited their grievances.

The Dissenters were bound to fail in the seventeen-thirties. But we must not forget the constitutional significance of what they were otherwise accomplishing. The Quakers and the Dissenting Deputies were exploring the techniques of political agitation focused primarily on the House of Commons. There was no national press, no national opinion. A few hundred families controlled the government and administration of the country at Westminster and in the counties. The Dissenters, excluded from the ruling few, had a cause, a policy, and a national organization. This they used peacefully to influence those who wielded political power. In so doing they were helping to establish the English parliamentary tradition; they were digging recognized channels of political action which were able to canalize the mass pressures of a later date. With their regular meetings for political purposes the Quakers and the Dissenting Deputies were also giving their own members invaluable experience and training in the practices of democratic action. From the long term point of view, then, the Dissenters were making a major contribution towards ensuring that Britain achieved democracy without having to run the gauntlet of violent revolution.—*Third Programme*

Moscow Winters Fifty Years Ago

By VIOLET LEHRS

TO escape the heat of a summer in Moscow we moved into the country and rented a *datcha* for four months. By the end of August the summer was over, and it was time to move back to town and get ready for a long and cold winter. First of all, the double windows had to be put in. They were puttied in so that no cold air could get into the house. A roll of cotton wool was put between the frames and a container with acid was inserted to prevent the windows from freezing over too much.

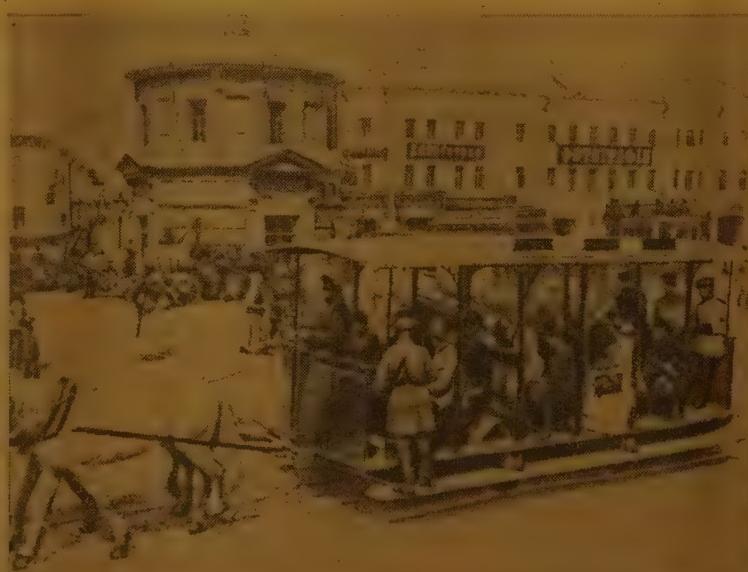
A good supply of birch logs for cooking and heating was stocked in the outhouse. This outhouse had a trap door in the floor leading to the cellar, where all food was kept. The rivers in the north of Russia froze early, and when the ice was thick enough to cut it was brought south and all cellars were filled with it. The ice lasted the whole winter and melted away gradually.

Dutch ranges with good ovens and a large hot-plate were used for cooking. All homes in Moscow were flats, and if not centrally heated then Dutch stoves were used again. These stoves were round and had several flat sides; they were built into the walls of the house so that a side always came out across one corner of a room. Three rooms could be comfortably heated with one stove. White

tiles and fancy Dutch ones were used, and there was always a brass ventilator at the top. The fire was lit in the morning and allowed to burn for some time. Before opening the ventilator one had to examine the fire to see that there was no smoke. When the ventilator was opened one let in as much of the hot air as one liked. Heated this way all the rooms were the same temperature. We wore light shoes and frocks; and woollen underwear did not exist. At the first sign of cold weather we wore autumn coats, like winter coats in England, and felt hats.

It was a busy time of the year, for so much preserving had to be done. Ridge cucumbers and crisp white cabbage were salted for winter use. My mother always made cherry brandy. She bought a bottle of a gallon and a half of vodka, poured some off, and then filled the large bottle with luscious black cherries. I remember that bottle standing on a sunny window sill. A small glass was always a very welcome drink to visitors arriving frozen after a long journey.

Winter usually set in by the end of October. Heavy snowfalls covered the roads and the sidewalks. The snow was allowed to remain on the roads to form a thick, hard crust, but all pavements had to be cleared. It was the duty of a yardman to sweep away all snow, scrape the ice, and put down sand. Deep



Street scene in old Moscow

ridges made by horses on the roads had to be broken up with a pickaxe. If left to become icy the horses fell and had the utmost difficulty in getting up. The footpath and half of the road in front of one's house was the responsibility of one's yardman, and if not kept in order the police would ring his doorbell and the yardman would be in trouble.

All vehicles on wheels—cabs and carts—would be put away until the spring, and sledges of all shapes and sizes would come out. The cab was like a small armchair for two on metal runners. There was hay to keep one's feet warm; but to protect one's legs from the cold and wind there was a warm cover securely fixed to the front of the sledge. One covered oneself with it, fastened it on a hook at the side, and it never fell off. The cabman wore a warm hat and had a quilted garment under his long wrap-round overcoat. The horses were small and not well groomed. They went at a happy trot, and if the cabman thought his horse was having forty winks he would use the ends of his reins to wake him up. The private sledges were wider and much higher. The coachman wore a fine coat with silver buttons and peacock feathers in his hat. The sledge had a fur-lined and a fur-trimmed cover. A good, well-groomed horse went at a good speed and one had to keep out of his way.

Our winter coats were made of a thick woollen material, usually in a dark colour, with a warm, quilted lining and a fur collar large enough to be lifted to protect our ears from frostbite—that was a very painful experience. Our hats were small and also had a warm lining. Persian lamb and seal were used for hats, muffs, and collars; squirrel, fox, and sometimes sable for a warm lining; but they were never worn outside. We also had warm gloves and overshoes.

The ponds used for boating in the summer were skating rinks in the winter. When the ice was thick enough to support lamp standards and heavy seats they would be opened to the public. There was always an ice hill for tobogganning. A military band played on Sundays and holidays, and there was a tea house serving hot drinks.

Within a short walking distance from our house was a small square with shops on all four sides. A street starting at the Red Square cut across it. One half was a market where peasants sold dairy produce and vegetables. We had plenty of vegetables but never any greens. There were fruit booths too. All fruit came from the Crimea and was delicious. We bought apples and oranges in tens, not pounds. The other half of the square had water troughs for horses to have a drink and a rest, while the carters had glasses of hot tea in the near-by tea house. Sometimes they called at the vodka shop and bought a small bottle of vodka for three-halfpence—just to warm the cockles of their hearts. It was always also a practice with beggars: they would buy this small bottle, drink it then and there, warm up, and start begging again.

There was a large water pump for the watermen. If one had no water laid on, one relied on these men to supply one with as many pails of water as arranged. The water cart was a huge barrel resting on four wheels, with a square hole on the top to take the hose. The back stairs of a house had a landing near the kitchen, and a huge water butt with a metal scoop stood there. That water was always icy cold. The laundries were few and most expensive, and usually all family washing was done at home with the help of a washerwoman. Only the actual rubbing and scrubbing was done at home, and the linen was swilled in the river.

It was a usual sight to see a cart taking baskets of linen, and the cook and the washerwoman travelling with it. Jetties were built out, and huge holes cut in the thick ice. Through these holes the linen was swilled in fast-running, icy water. The drying was done in the lofts, built with a solid floor and boarded sides. But this washing was done only once a month, so one had to have a good supply of household linen. There were few bathrooms. The majority of people used the town baths. One could have a good scrub and a steaming for as little as a penny, and that steaming was a remedy for all ills—even bad tempers. The more luxurious ones cost a shilling.

All floors in our houses were either of painted wood or parquet and they were kept in good condition by men floor-polishers. Wearing no shoes or socks they polished with their feet. They used a brush with a strap, and by dancing from side to side rubbed beeswax in and then polished with a piece of felt.

The most interesting amenity was the fire service and we thought it was wonderful. Moscow was divided into districts, and each one had a fire station with a high tower.

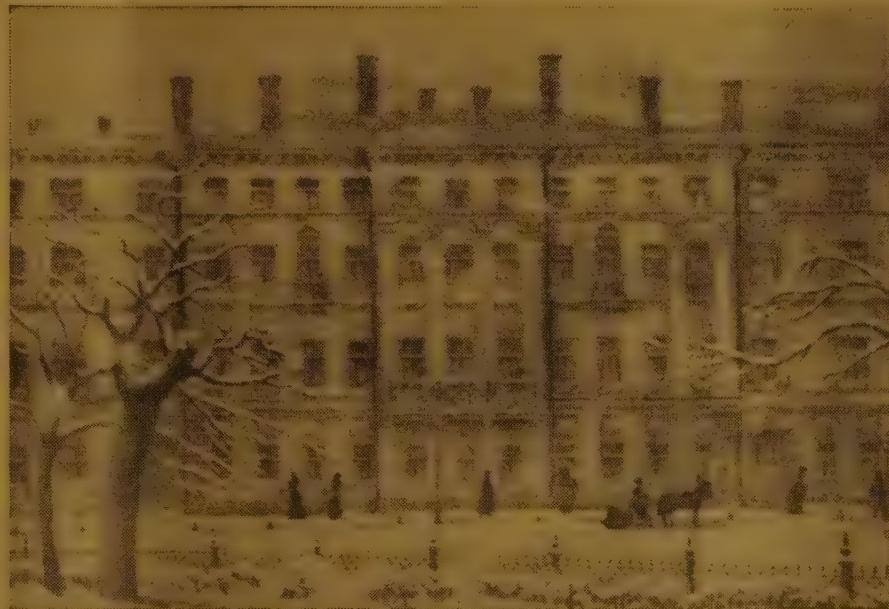
Near the top was a balcony, and a fireman, dressed in a heavy cloak and a brass helmet, was on duty day and night. On spotting a column of smoke in the distance, a scout—a fireman on horseback—was sent out to find the place. Having located the fire he would gallop back and the brigade would turn out in all its splendour, the scout leading the way. He was the most glamorous person, on his lovely horse in his full uniform and brass helmet. It was not surprising that a Russian cook preferred a fireman to a policeman.

The policeman was a dull fellow, wrapped up in his heavy coat and hood. He carried a sword and a pistol in his belt. There was always a police inspector keeping his eye on the policeman, the traffic, and the state of the roads. The policeman was afraid of his inspector, and the average inhabitant afraid of the policeman.

Looking back, the life in Moscow during winter was most comfortable. The people who helped to make it so were our devoted Russian servants. They were peasants and came from villages to improve their lives. They soon learned the work and settled down to a new way of life. The wages included a quarter of a pound of tea and a pound of loaf sugar every month. They sent all they possibly could to their relations in the villages. The peasants were too poor to buy tea and sugar.

Our nanna was with us for eighteen years and looked after us in health and sickness. She could not read or write but she had a wonderful memory and would remember everything she bought at the market and added it up correctly. Her two nieces came as maids and stayed with us until they married. Nanna trained them and at times a hard way. Coming home one day I saw the maid crouching in a corner and nanna standing over her with a birch rod—quite a heavy thing—ready to beat her. I inquired what was the matter and the reply was: 'Oh she is such a fool, I must teach her'. To a peasant teaching means beating. If a man marries a girl and she is stupid, he beats her to knock sense into her silly head. But if the husband does not beat his wife she cries, because he does not love her!

On my wedding day nanna took communion in my name and brought me a small communion loaf with a piece cut out of it with orders to eat it then and there as it was taken out for my health and happiness. I did not eat it, but I kept it for many years as a reminder of her love and devotion.—*Home Service*



Snow in Moscow: a late nineteenth-century painting by B. Zemenkov

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**WILMOT
BREEDEN**

Ordinary Folk in America

The last of four talks by C. R. HEWITT

THIS country's finished', said my taxi-driver over his shoulder; 'washed up'. I was rather surprised. America looked to me, as a visitor, more like a place that had only recently begun; and we were in San Francisco, where the beginning looked especially promising. I should have thought San Francisco combined beauty, efficiency, and enterprise more strikingly than any city in the world, and the only thing I can think of against living there is that its predecessor was destroyed by an earthquake in 1906. But the taxi-man's pronouncement, especially in his Western accent, sounded final and valedictory.

Like many Western Americans he seemed to have had many different jobs. Truck driver, bank teller, film extra, garage mechanic, liquor salesman, nearly everything except cowboy—I didn't see a single cowboy. And he heightened an impression I was already forming, namely that in the Western seaboard towns there is now a common feeling—which began to develop when the first wagon trains got across the plains from the Rockies and found the sea—that there are no more fields to conquer. This taxi-man wanted to go to Australia—to New South Wales. 'I don't want any desert', he said. 'I want fertile country that's still undeveloped where a man can work and be his own master'. And he showed me a crumpled newspaper article about farming in New South Wales. It was headed 'Be Your Own Boss and Like It'.

When I pressed him a little more it turned out that a man he had worked for as a chauffeur in 1953 had been 'smeared' by the McCarthy inquiries, forced out of business, and totally ruined. The taxi-man had found him a good employer, and was permanently disgusted, he said, that a good and innocent man could be brought to ruin by the snowball effect of unfounded suspicions. When I remarked that McCarthyism was now a thing of the past, he said: 'This is the country where it happened. And it could happen again. It couldn't happen in your country. Over there, a man gets a fair trial. I know, because my grandfather came from Norwich, England. You don't have any Congressional Committees over there, inquiring into un-British activities'.

I tried to tell him about our Tribunals of Inquiry, and what they can do to innocent reputations in cases like the Budget leak and the Lynskey Tribunal. I told him these are often said to have ruined quite a few people without charging them with any criminal offence, and therefore without giving them any trial at all, let alone a fair trial. It didn't sound a very convincing parallel, even to me as I was saying it. But I mentioned, too, that we did not have any 'Fifth Amendment' entitling a man to keep his mouth shut rather than incriminate himself. A man who kept his mouth shut in Britain could go to prison for contempt.

'Don't talk to me about the Fifth Amendment', he shouted back as we tore along the colourful San Francisco streets. 'A man who pleads the Fifth Amendment only makes his position worse. Every guy points to him for the rest of his life and says he was scared to tell the truth, so he's got something to hide. He might as well get out of the country. Me, I'm getting out before it happens, not after. New South Wales for me'.

And at that moment he completely disappeared—dropped out of my sight as if he really was on his way through the bowels of the earth to Australia.

A moment later I realized that this was merely because we had passed quickly over the brow of one of San Francisco's incredible switch-back hills, and the front part of the taxi, with him in it, had gone down a bit of the next hill while the back part, with me in it, was still coming up the last one. San Francisco motorists think nothing of this. San Francisco pedestrians haul themselves up the streets with banisters, and the trams are pulled up by underground chains. It's all a little startling to a visitor.

In Denver, Colorado, I stayed in a hotel that had a swimming pool. In the water one day I met a couple of

Pan-American air hostesses, and afterwards plied them with cigarettes and questions. They share a flat in Greenwich Village, New York. They like the flat and they like Greenwich Village, but they do not like New York. They thought New York was fine until they saw London, and Paris, and Amsterdam, and Madrid, and until they came into contact with uniformed public servants in Europe. Until then it had never occurred to them, I gathered, that bus-men and railwaymen and policemen could be polite and friendly; and indeed I found out for myself that the public services in New York don't seem to find time for much politeness, and that New Yorkers would be surprised and even uneasy if they did.

The bus-men are a good example. An Englishman getting on a New York bus for the first time can do with a little help about destinations and fares and how to get a ticket. Next to the driver there is a metal basin with a kind of plug-hole at the bottom. No one tells you about it, but you have to drop your coins into this, and they rattle down the plug-hole, out of sight. If you put the wrong ones in, they stay in, and what coins they were remains your secret and your problem. If you need to change paper-money before you can go through this little ceremony, you have to ask the driver for the change, and each time I did this it was as though the driver was being asked for hush-money at pistol point, while all New York leaned on its motor horns.

Similarly on the underground, which they call the subway: it is no use walking up to the man in the ticket office at a New York station and asking for a ticket to, say, Greenwich Village. All he can sell is a small metal token, which will get you through



Cable cars ascending 'one of San Francisco's incredible switch-back hills'

the turnstiles and qualify you to go anywhere on the whole subway system. And he doesn't say a word; he just chews and looks past you. I mentioned this to a New Yorker. He shouted with laughter. Then he said that the underground in London was worse still for American visitors. He reminded me that the only people who are available, nowadays, to direct the bewildered traveller in our tube-railway catacombs are cheerful West Indian porters who hardly seem to know what station they are in themselves. This, in turn, reminded me that, to judge by my own experience, if you want courteous and cheerful information from a passer-by in New York, it's fairly safe to pick on a coloured one. If you ask a white man he is likely to look as if he suddenly and urgently wants police protection. Of course, it might be *me*.

And I may have a slanted picture about the proportion of Americans who want to emigrate. Starting with my San Francisco taxi-man, I did come across an unexpected number of malcontents who wanted to live elsewhere; and then it was hard not to go on looking for them. In New York, for example, I joined a queue of people waiting in the New York immigration office of the New South Wales Government, and tried to find out why they wanted to go. One man was the manager of a liquor store near Central Park South, and he wanted to take his wife, four children, and mother, and go farming in New South Wales. A delicate-looking young man with a very pretty Puerto Rican girl wanted to go there and get married to her, because (according to him) a mixed marriage wouldn't bother anyone in New South Wales. I didn't think it would bother anybody much in New York, either.

An idea recurred to me over and over again while I was there, and I hope it won't sound too fanciful, or naive, or even rationalistic. It is that the arrival of those marvellous pioneers on the Californian and Oregon coastline began a period of atrophy in the truly adventurous mind, and that although the emotional need for new victories may have turned their minds to places like Australia and Antarctica it made others want to turn back and reconquer—recivilize, in a sense—this continent that their fathers had just struggled across. This, I decided, would account for the fact that the social services of California are more advanced and more experimental than those of the eastern seaboard States, and that the eastern universities tend to look to the western for their progressive teachers and professors, though they also maintain that all the cranks are there, too. All this is certainly true in relation to sociology and criminology, two of the matters in which I was more directly concerned.

Meanwhile among those who have settled and who regard themselves as ancestral Californians, there is evidence, it seemed to me, of a hunger for the 'culture' of the Old World. Not the oldest, necessarily, not the works of classical antiquity, in which (for all I know) American scholarship may well be second to none, but modern European culture in the broadest and least priggish sense and in all its modern media. They treat themselves to far more music and opera than we do, but a leavening of them want B.B.C. television programmes like 'Panorama' and 'Monitor' and 'Face to Face'; and they would be willing to form syndicates and buy these from England. They already get a good deal of our material from the Third Programme on their university broadcasting stations.

Certainly there is a voracious appetite for news of what is going on in England. I may have noticed this the more because, whereas I wanted to ask all the questions, I found I had to do a lot of answering. With an English friend who had been showing me round America and generally taking charge of me, I was invited

to take part in a New York radio discussion programme. This started at 11 p.m. and, to my mounting astonishment, went on until just after one o'clock in the morning. The other victims were Mr. Tom Backus, who is the voice of 'Mr. Magoo' in the cartoon films, and Miss Norma Mahler, who had just finished playing the leading part in a film about an Egyptian mummy that came to life after 3,000 years. Every few minutes throughout the two hours, our interviewer broke off to urge the night birds of New York to use hair creams, electric shavers, motor tyres, underwear, and cigarettes.

My English friend and I received most of the questioning, and it was all about England. In particular, we were vigorously but good-humouredly attacked about a libel action in the English High Court, in which an American variety artist had successfully sued a British tabloid newspaper for making rather pungently outspoken fun of him. In America, we were told, this wasn't thought to be funny at all. It was disgraceful. There wasn't an American newspaper that would do such a thing to a distinguished foreign visitor. My friend and I racked our brains for some of the things that American newspapers had done to people. I mentioned the way they write up the past histories of people arrested by the police, with no concern about the effect it will have on juries. I wondered who could be listening to all this in the small hours of the morning. When it was over I asked the interviewer. 'Taxi-men and patrol cops', he said.

But to get back to ordinary people: I was interested, naturally enough I suppose, to find out what they thought about their policemen. I don't know why, but I expected to find that the police were held in higher esteem in the west than in the east. This was wrong: it was the other way about. The police look smarter in California; they shoot better; they study harder; they make a greater virtue of toughness and visible alertness; they turn out an



A New York City policeman

even bigger volume of glossy public relations pamphlets, and sumptuous annual reports, and university theses. But I'm fairly sure that the New York City policeman, with his floppy peaked cap, and his bare forearms, and his ungainly midriff all packed out with revolver, cartridges, handcuffs, pocket-books of many kinds, is the more popular figure. I saw a dozen or more of them managing a big crowd outside a New York liquor store, where the manager had just been shot dead by a hold-up man. And it was obvious from the behaviour of the crowd, the way they perfunctorily moved a few yards this way and that when they were told at intervals to 'scram', and the antics of the excited children pretending to shoot the cops with their fingers held up like pistols, that police-and-public relationships were amiable. And although I read every newspaper I could find, I didn't see any letters or articles attacking the police in New York. I had seen a good many in California.

It was absorbing to be finding all this out for myself, though I was the millionth innocent from Britain to be doing it. And yet, on the way home, I remembered what Oscar Wilde had said about America: 'Perhaps, after all, America never has been discovered. I myself would say that it had merely been detected'.

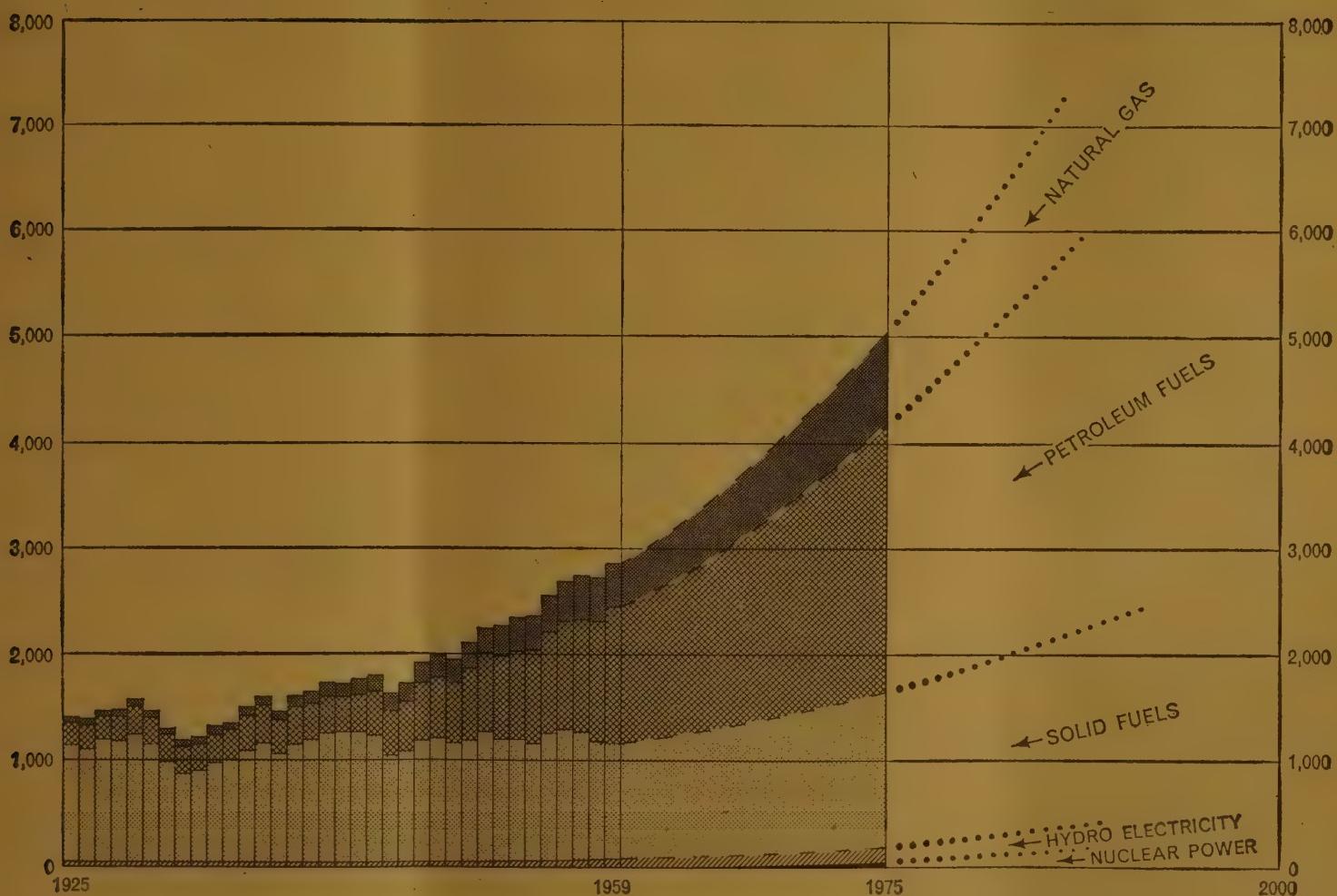
—Home Service

The Stationers' Company, by Cyprian Blagden (Allen and Unwin, £2 10s.), is the first complete history of one of the most important of the Livery Companies of the City of London. The book covers the 550 years of the Company's existence, and deals in detail with the 150 years' collaboration between the Company and the government in the control of printing, the battle between printers and booksellers, and the growth of the idea of copyright. The author is himself a Liveryman of the Company.

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Messianism in Primitive Societies

By R. J. Z. WERBLOWSKY

MESSIANISM and messianic movements are well-known and widespread phenomena in the history of religions. Indeed, so widespread that the difficulty seems to be in finding a reasonably serviceable definition, indicative of the general character and scope of the religious reality intended.

The most practical and, I suppose, most honest starting-point would be the recognition that for anybody speaking a Western language, the term 'messianism' is heavily charged with specific significances deriving from the Jewish and Christian traditions. Speaking, for example, of Buddhist or primitive messianism is a conscious application to religions of a terminology indigenous to very different ones. However, this borrowing and extension of meanings has its uses, for they help us to compare and—in the last resort—to understand.

An Attitude to Time

Perhaps the most important thing about the Jewish and Christian traditions is their conception of time as a linear process, starting from somewhere and going to somewhere. The notion of history becomes a meaningful expression of this attitude to time; there is a fullness of time, an end of days, or, at any rate, some kind of decisive consummation to be looked forward to. In this sense Zoroastrianism, with its expectation of a final victory of the forces of light over the powers of darkness, may be said to be a genuinely historically oriented messianic religion. Where time is not conceived historically, where history has no significance, no messianism is possible. This is the case in some nature and cosmic religions which live in a framework of repetitive, cyclical terms: smaller or larger cycles of months, years, cosmic years or immense *kalpers*, set the unending rhythm of generation and corruption, rise and decline: birth, copulation, and death; birth, copulation, and death. Alternatively, time and history may be irrelevant because the eye is turned toward eternity, where there is no movement and no process. This is the case with any religion of a philosophical or mystical cast. Yet everywhere some kind of messianic stirring makes itself felt. Even where we would expect it least, in Buddhism, a definitely messianic, or at least eschatological, doctrine and worship developed in connexion with the future Buddha Maitreya.

The messianic future, like the first beginnings, lies at the margin of history. Transcending our normal, temporal, empirical human experience, it also defies empirically valid objective speech. Origins and eschatology are, of necessity, always spoken of in mythological language. Often, in fact, the two spheres of myth coalesce: the messianic era is conceived as a restoration or renewal of the original order; its essence is often formulated in images borrowed from the myth of origins. One speaks of a first and a second Adam, of Paradise lost and Paradise regained, and the like.

With Paradise lost and regained we have, I think, reached an essential point for an understanding of the messianic phenomenon. Messianism implies dissatisfaction with the present. Call it disappointment, pessimism, uneasiness, anguish, or whatever you will, messianism arises, if I may speak mythologically, in the bleak desert between Paradise lost and Paradise regained. The cause of this dissatisfaction may be loss of national independence, acute physical suffering, a sense of sin and existential inadequacy, or, as we shall see, cultural disintegration and social dislocation. Unless man suffers dumbly, or cynically, he will try to overcome his anguish by active struggle and/or by a mythological view of the future. The reasons which made Israel from a happy nation, secure in the divinely ordered cosmos and the divinely promised protection of the Covenant, into the classical witness of the kingdom that is yet to come, are precisely such historical experiences as led to a more critical evaluation not only of actual history but of history as such and of men even at their possible best.

Jewish, Christian, and similar messianisms developed long ago. We may know much about their subsequent histories; their origins are still largely a matter of conjecture—perhaps we should say of scholarly mythologies. But there have been messianic movements all over the world in more recent times, particularly during the last hundred years, and the evidence of the primitive religions may throw a good deal of light on messianism as such. By primitive religions—perhaps a somewhat unfortunate term—I mean the religions of peoples with a low technical development *by our standards*, and particularly those with no writing and literature.

Learning New Values

Their original notions, hopes, fears, and suffering we do not know for sure. What we do know are the myths, beliefs, and ways of life which the white man has recorded and the tribulations which the white man's arrival brought upon them. American Red Indians, African Negroes, Oceanian Papua all found themselves confronted with men of what appeared to be a superior race: they came from afar, had mysterious sources of supply—steamers and aeroplanes—dispossessed the original inhabitants of the land, who began to work on the white man's plantations for the white man's markets and for his money instead of for their own traditional economy. Their lives, always in the hand of a mysterious fate, were now in the hands of realities even more mysterious. The buffalo herds disappeared from the American plains, proud warriors and hunters had to settle and live on dole; the values with which they lived and moved and had their being ceased to be meaningful. The hunter who was expected to take up farming was really expected to become a woman! The indentured labourer in Oceania might not understand the mechanics regulating the European market for rubber or cocoa on which his payment depended, but in the labour camp he learnt that wisdom was no longer with the old man of his village; these old values crumbled away. The new values he learned even from the most devoted missionary were the white man's values, and the white man was evidently right: at least he was stronger, he had the guns, he was the boss.

The white advance, whether in the form of European colonialism or in the American expansion to the West, disrupted native life, disintegrated the social order with its values and traditions, and often actively destroyed the ancestral religions. Here was a situation which imperiously called for adjustment, one way or another. But such adjustment almost of necessity had to take on religious forms, to resort to mythology—in short to produce messianic phenomena. I say 'almost of necessity' because there are other alternatives too. A primitive society might give up the fight for survival, consent to its death. Alternatively, it might attempt to tackle the problem by rational means and planning. But in that case it would no longer be primitive: it would have half accepted some of the white man's values and would have to be sufficiently educated to try to implement these rationally. There have been native prophetic-messianic movements which ended up as labour organizations and the like.

Variety of Ritual Patterns

From the point of view of the study of messianism, the interesting problem here is the variety of religious reactions and of the mythological and ritual patterns that emerged. Let me begin with what is, perhaps, the most easily understandable reaction; a strong reawakening of self-respect, a sense of the dignity of one's own values and a determined attempt to revive the genuine old way of life coupled with an emphatic rejection of everything new, strange, and evil. This type of revival is usually called 'nativism'. Nativistic movements have been particularly frequent among American Indians. Prophets would arise urging a return to the

old way of life and dress, prohibiting strong liquors with which the white trader tempted and corrupted the Indian, demanding fidelity to the old tribal morals. Members of the tribe who had undergone baptisms had to go through special outer and inner purificatory ceremonies that included washing and vomiting. The most extreme prophets discarded the use of metal and the white man's tools and demanded that fire should not be struck but lighted by a wooden drill. Others were less extreme. Instead of rejecting everything non-Indian, they were prepared to meet the white man's challenge half-way. Sometimes these prophets were surely unaware of the extent to which they, the visionaries and prophetic seers of the tribe, had already succumbed to the osmotic pressure of the invading culture.

Smohalla obstinately refused to condone the adoption of agriculture: the earth is our mother; to plough is to tear wounds in your mother's body. This is good old Indian tradition. But the same Smohalla held religious ceremonies in which elements of American army parades and of the Catholic mass were strangely mixed with Indian rites: marching, flags, bells, vestments and the like showed that not in vain had Smohalla once attended a mission school. Handsome Lake, on the other hand, the founder of the still potent Iroquois log-house religion, led his people to a gradual acceptance of agriculture and of schooling. But he had the rare luck of meeting Christian white men who did not tell him that only they knew what was right and that he was wrong. They answered none of his questions, but always said: 'Look within yourself, there is a light within yourself that will tell you what is right and wrong'. This was language an Indian, trained to seek guidance through visions, could understand and appreciate. The Quakers would not even force the Bible on him: 'Learn to read first', they said, 'and then the Inner Light will tell you what this book is for you'.

Handsome Lake's 'success', as it were, highlights a profound and tragic difficulty inherent in any nativistic movement. The more truly nativistic it is, the surer it is bound to fail. Tecumseh, Pontiac, Tencswatara, and the heroic braves fighting a messianic war under prophetic instigation may arouse our sympathy



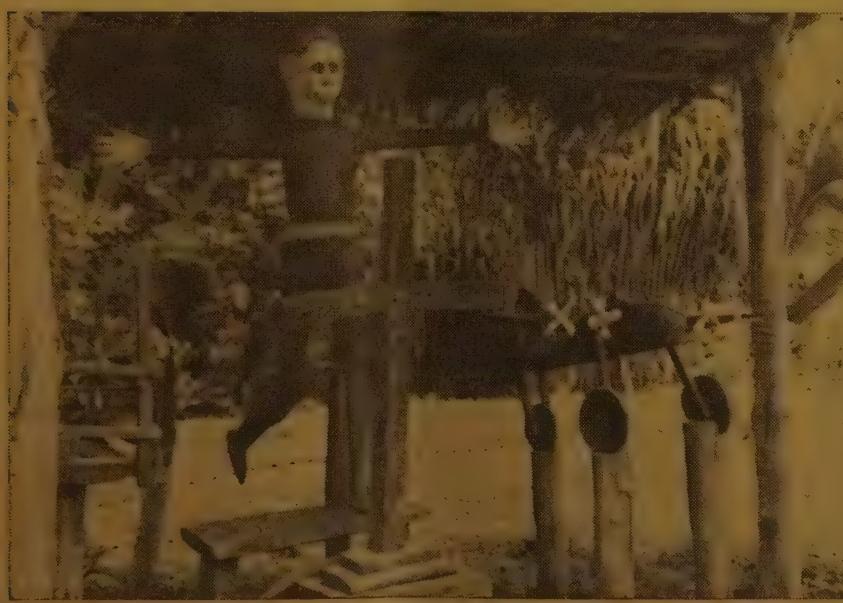
Ghost Dance of Sioux Indians: a painting in the American Museum of Natural History
From 'A Pictorial History of the American Indian' (André Deutsch)

and admiration; they led their people to a dead end. But was there anything else to be done for a group that wanted not only to live but to live with self-respect? Kanakok, the Kikapu prophet whom the Dutch scholar F. Siersing has described as an 'Indian St. Francis', preached nativism and peace. If a white man strikes you, then give him your other cheek. The question here is not whether or not this is Christian influence but whether this is still Indian.

The Ghost Dance, too, was basically pacific. Both in 1870 and in 1890 the Indians began to dance: ecstatic dances that were meant to grant the dancer visions of the imminent messianic event when the dead could return—hence the name Ghost Dance—bring the great buffalo-herds with them and the earth and life would be fair again. In much of this there was outward peacefulness and repressed hostility. The proud Indian fought no longer but trusted the day of judgment to do the job for him. Jack Wilson, the 'messiah' of the 1890 Ghost Dance may have been generally peaceful; when his message reached the Sioux, harassed, hungry, and at the end of their tether, it produced an armed revolt. But the basic intent of the Ghost Dance was to hasten the advent of the messianic age by ritual means, i.e. by dancing. Only the Navajo did everything in their power to prevent the messiah from coming: their life was traditionally filled by fear and dread of the dead.

Again, we are not concerned here with the question of Christian influence on the Ghost Dance. Individual visionaries and shamans coming back from the land of the dead and reporting meetings with the 'Great Spirit' are well known among Indians. But the idea of a return of all the dead as a prelude to the messianic era may be an Indian echo of the Christian doctrine of the resurrection. However that may be, my present point is the purpose of the dancing ceremonies. The Ghost Dance was a ritual means for hastening redemption. Some prophets had stressed what we might call the moral element: repent, forsake the white man's evil ways and return to the path of the ancestors. The Ghost Dance brings the ritual activity to the fore.

Ritual, in fact magical, activity is perhaps the most striking feature of the Polynesian and Melanesian movements. Here the initial inability to cope with the situation had led to a veritable short-circuit. I do not think it is possible to understand what happened without reminding oneself of Freud's important discovery that frustration calls forth aggression, and aggression, if it can find no outlet in its natural object, turns inward. In other words, frustration may lead to self-aggression and self-destruction. You hate yourself, even as you admire and unconsciously identify yourself with the hated enemy.



Cargo-cult in the Pacific Islands of the New Hebrides: an effigy of 'John Frum', the 'messiah' of this version of the cult, with the model of an aircraft in which his followers believe he will bring the 'cargo'

David Attenborough

The Papuan envied the white man's riches, the sources of his power. 'Cargo' became the supreme symbol in his eyes. In fact, the Cargo belonged to the ancestors of the Papuan who sent it to their children, and the white man stole it on the way. In the 'cargo-cults', prophets appeared carrying messages of the imminent arrival of ships or aeroplanes delivering 'cargo'; rituals and initiations were held for the elect destined to share in the messianic joys; the creepers of the tropical forests became telephone wires through which conversations were held with the ancestors. But at the same time large-scale destruction of values—including the most sacred social and religious symbols—took place.

Showing the 'bull-roarer' to the women-folk is more than sacrilege; it is a wanton destruction of traditional religion. The Papuan did so not because he had found another religion which taught him to destroy his former idols, but because no way was left to him but symbolic self-destruction: precisely as the Indians after the battle of Wounded Knee, in a fit of impotent rage, shot all their horses, or as the adherents of an African messianic prophet slaughtered all their cattle. Outwardly it was an act of faith in imminent redemption: unconsciously it was suicide and a refusal to go on living.

A count of recent messianic movements among the primitives

would go to many hundreds. Yet there were relatively few 'messiahs'. What we find are preachers, reformers, prophets, and precursors. They announce the good tidings, teach the moral and ritual laws and rules of behaviour, organize the believers and initiates—and, as a rule, invent explanations when the great day they had fixed had passed without anything spectacular happening. Sometimes apocalyptic events happened, but not the right ones: for example, when the Japanese occupied all the Pacific islands during the second world war. As time goes on the possibilities, including the genuinely positive possibilities of primitive messianism, disappear. Native traditional mythology has been or is being destroyed. There is no indigenous sense of values or of ultimate realities round which revivals could crystallize. Religious ritual either disappears or gives way to magic pure and simple. New sects and cults may proliferate, but they are more and more syncretistic—exhibiting strange mixtures of aboriginal, Christian and modern secular elements. Messianic movements have been the spasmodic reactions to an unbearable situation, unbearable because of cultural and spiritual disintegration. Between the ancestral traditions irretrievably lost and the impact of what is called 'modern' civilization, the primitive societies seem to be doomed. But perhaps history will show that for them too there is a messianic destiny.—*Third Programme*

Pottersville

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

IN 1897, when he was editor of a paper called *Woman*, Arnold Bennett wrote to H. G. Wells:

Dear Sir,

For a long time I have been intending to write to you, and express my appreciation of your work, and also to ask what is your connection with Burslem and the Potteries. Burslem (where I come from), is mentioned at the beginning of *The Time Machine*, and one of your short stories runs over the entire pottery district—I forget the title of it. I enclose my review of your last book.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

E. A. Bennett (editor of *Woman*).

I think Bennett was genuinely surprised to discover that Wells knew the Potteries, surprised and delighted. This is a common enough experience for Potters who have migrated from the Five Towns. It is for me: I am always, it seems, bumping into people who claim to know the Potteries inside-out. 'Oh, you come from Stoke, then', they say. 'What part?'

'Burslem', I say, wondering whether they have ever heard of it.

'Know it like the back of my hand', they say. 'Stayed there at that pub on the corner—what's it called?—a year or two ago. Had a marvellous time. D'you know the so-and-so's?' And they mention some name like Tellwright, Clowes, Colclough, or Machin.

Why I should be surprised to find outsiders (I use the word in the kindest possible way) familiar with the Potteries I do not know. Or perhaps I do know. When you have been brought up in the place, as I was, it becomes more than a geographical locality and part of

one's innermost self—a private world. The Potteries is not one of your neutral, faceless industrial areas: it is positive, strong, and inescapably formative. Strong meat: the Potteries affect one like a determined, even fanatical and immensely tough, schoolmaster. Its influence remains with you all your days. So when the outsider tells me that he knows the Potteries I am surprised. It is as though suddenly I had been pushed on to a psychiatrist's couch.

All this does not apply to the resident Potter. He looks at the world through very different eyes. For him the Five Towns are truly metropolitan, a great wen with suburbs reaching to Birmingham, Manchester, London, and New York. It is a natural enough attitude. For centuries the chief industry of the Potteries has pumped its wares all over the world—more widely, I think, than any other industry anywhere—and because of this it is easy enough for native Potters to see themselves at the very hub of trade, commerce, art, politics, and opinion. It is a healthy enough attitude, productive of self-respect, fierce self-confidence, and stout independence. Many years ago, I heard Ramsay MacDonald speaking in the Palais de Danse in Hanley in support of the Labour candidate at a national election. I can hear his voice now. 'The wires', he said, 'will be humming with the news of Hanley's victory, and all Britain will take heart'. He wagged his finger at us as he spoke; and I believed him. Why not? Britain wanted to hear what the Five Towns had to say, and would then know how to conduct its affairs. To me—I was then seventeen or eighteen—MacDonald's remark was superfluous and not therefore in the best of taste. He was flattering us: and we did not need flattering.



Workers in the mould-making shop of a Stoke pottery firm



The smoking chimneys of the Five Towns: a photograph taken during Arnold Bennett's lifetime and once in his possession

Edgar and Winifred Ward

A few weeks ago an old Potteries friend met me for lunch in London. We chatted about work and cricket and took our native land for granted. When he mentioned some interesting item connected with Germany's industrial recovery I confessed my ignorance, and by my tone of voice I must have suggested that I doubted his facts. He looked pained. 'But', he said, 'it was in *The Sentinel*; I read it myself'. *The Sentinel* (Arnold Bennett's *Signal*) undoubtedly deserves to be read throughout Britain if not the world, but it is not; and the significance of my friend's remark is that for a brief moment, before he took mental stock, he was back with Ramsay MacDonald. Then he recovered, smiled, and said: 'Oh, I was forgetting—I don't suppose you always see *The Sentinel*'. And I should have added: 'It's my loss'.

Social historians attribute the uniqueness of the Potteries to a number of causes: the admixture of Danish, Saxon, and Celtic blood, the early geographic isolation of the area (away from the main highways and main railway lines), the early preoccupation with the absorbing craft of modelling in clay, the cold surface soils of the Carboniferous deposits, and so on. No doubt they are right. I have always thought that the Potteries had much in common with South Wales, another area that grew up in splendid isolation. The people are tough, dominantly nonconformist in politics as well as religion. They are richly musical, mad about sport, and have a deep respect and a passionate zest for education. Moreover they have a marked and strongly individual sense of humour. All this is by the way, but if I am right and these close affinities do in fact exist, it means that the Potteries are not really unique after all. Perhaps I am being too generous to South Wales.

The humour of the Potteries is geared to satire which sometimes descends to biting sarcasm. It is directed in the main at pomposness, snobbishness, and pretentiousness, and is used with deadly effect. It takes a brave man in the Five Towns to put on airs and withstand the inevitable stream of pricking verbal darts that will be shot at him—especially when the sounds employed are the bitter, vituperative blasts of the old Potteries accent.

There is a story told (an old one, but it perfectly illustrates my point) of the time fifty years ago when the towns of the Potteries were considering Federation. At a big meeting in Stoke town hall (I think) the Duke of Sutherland announced that he was prepared, most generously, to hand over his Trentham estate to the new city to be. The gesture took the assembly by surprise. Then, from the body of the hall, a man's voice rang out: 'Aye, an' who's going to have to pay for bloody upkeep?' The bladder is pricked, the rosy pictures evaporate before the telling, matter-of-fact, objective scorn: scorn that is so near to downright ridicule.

I have heard the same sort of thing thousands of times. I have experienced it. Twenty-odd years ago, when I was playing cricket for Burslem in the North Staffordshire League, I made a string of exceptionally low scores, ducks, ones and twos, and more ducks. I went off to Italy on my honeymoon—a fact that was reported in the local newspaper—and returned to make yet another duck on the Burslem ground. As I left the wicket, dejected, for the pavilion, there was a stony silence from the crowd. Then, when I was almost back in the consoling shade of the dressing room, a great voice rang out with: 'Get off back to Italy, Bernard!' It was the final knock-out punch. Cruel? I thought so at the time. Funny? Yes. But wonderfully healthy. I was being criticized not only for my poor batting, but for having the effrontery to holiday in Italy. There was less of it in those days: the Five Towns, when it could afford a holiday at all, seldom went further than North Wales or Blackpool; now it goes off with a bang to the Costa Brava, the Riviera, and of course Italy.

The Potteries accent is heard less commonly now than in my day: but it is still there for any student who cares to analyse the queerest corruption of vowel sounds in the whole range of spoken English. I have always held the view that the true Potter distorts his speech intentionally and with calculated effect. Other accents evolve through the apparent inability of the inhabitants to pronounce certain vowels and occasionally consonants in the standard fashion. But the Potteries accent contains *all* the accredited vowels in the bewildering series of transpositions. The old Potter would say 'Ah'm leet' meaning 'I'm late'—'ee' for 'a'; and in the next breath he would say 'Ah'll mate thi theer', meaning 'I'll meet you there'—'a' for 'ee'. Just pure cussedness. I cannot go further into this fascinating business, but I can assure you that it applies to all the vowel sounds. It is as though the old Potter had decided on a private language, in order, first, to demonstrate his powerful individualism; and, second, to confound the snooping outsider. Not so long ago I sat upstairs on a bus approaching Hanley. In front of me were a mother and her small son. The son said: 'Eh, Mother, we're in bloody 'anley'; and the mother rebuked him with: 'ow many more times must I tell you it's Hanley not 'anley'. Bennett, you will remember called it The Grim Smile of the Five Towns.

I do not think there's a better illustration of the Potter's native resourcefulness, truculence, and obstinacy—and deep emotionalism—than the story of Pottersville, one of the most exciting and disastrous episodes in the history of the pottery worker. And if any young Potter is listening who wants to know from what kind of people he has sprung I advise him (or her) to get to grips with this story. There is a mention of it in Harold Owen's absorbing

(concluded on page 697)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

October 12-18

Wednesday, October 12

Mr. Inejiro Asanuma, President of the Japanese Socialist Party, is assassinated in Tokyo during an election rally

More than 23,000 workers at the British Motor Corporation factories are to go on short time as a result of a decision to reduce production

Thursday, October 13

Mr. Anthony Greenwood resigns from the Parliamentary Committee of the Labour Party

Sir Edgar Whitehead, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, announces new legislation to deal with unrest and violence. Some territorial reservists are called up

At the Conservative Party Conference at Scarborough, the Minister of Pensions, Mr. Boyd Carpenter, indicates that old age pensions will be increased next year

Friday, October 14

Tally clerks at London docks, who have been on unofficial strike for nearly a month, decide to return to work

Trial begins in Turkey of 400 members of Mr. Menderes's deposed government on charges of offences against the state

Nearly 150 rebels are killed in a clash with French troops in Algeria

Saturday, October 15

Lawlessness is reported to be increasing in Leopoldville, capital of the Congo, as a result of the lack of effective authority in the country

Sunday, October 16

Reports received from East Pakistan say that about 3,000 people were killed in a cyclone last week in the Bay of Bengal

Two Americans are executed in Cuba after being found guilty of 'counter-revolutionary activities'

Princess Alexandra returns from her visit to Nigeria

Monday, October 17

The *News Chronicle* and the *London Star* cease publication and are merged into the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News* respectively

Joint Committee of the Football Association and Football League decide to hand over to the Director of Public Prosecutions allegations about bribes to footballers

Tuesday, October 18

Liberals express regret that their party was not consulted before the decision to end the independent existence of the *News Chronicle* and *Star*

Minister of Transport says tests for 10-year-old cars will soon be made compulsory

The King of Nepal calls for more investment in his country



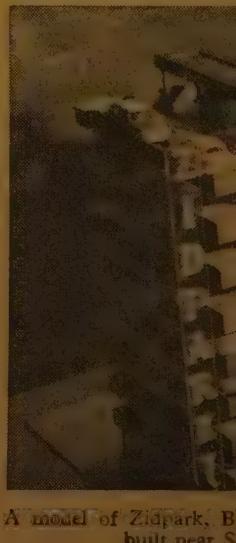
Mr. Harold Macmillan speaking at the final session of the Conservative Party Conference at Scarborough last Saturday. In his speech the Prime Minister said he would favour a new 'summit' conference if the American and French Presidents agreed to it



'Catwalks' span the river Tamar as work progresses on a new road bridge linking Devon and Cornwall. Beside it is the railway bridge by I. K. Brunel, built in 1859



Field-Marshal Lord Alton holding the keys of the Tower after he had been installed on October 14. The



A model of Zidspark, a



Queen driving to Buckingham Palace with King Mahendra of Nepal after his arrival in London on October 17. King Mahendra and his consort, Queen Ratna, were on a three-day state visit to the country. Left: the Nepalese flag flying in the Mall; on it the moon and the sun are depicted as two faces symbolizing perpetuity and eternity



President Makarios of Cyprus and Vice-President Kutchuk recently paid their first official visit to the British air base at Episkopi. The President is seen accompanied by Air Marshal Sir William Macdonald, the Administrator of the base, leaving the parade ground after the ceremony of welcome. With Dr. Kutchuk (background) is General Sir Dudley Ward. On October 14 the Duke of Gloucester met the two leaders in Nicosia after a visit to the other British air base at Akrotiri



Tunis holding on a cushion new Constable back to 1078



An afternoon exhibition now being held at the Public Record Office, London, of Welsh records from the eleventh to the nineteenth century. The Keeper of Public Records, Sir David Evans, is seen looking at an early map of the Lordship of Oggmore, Glamorganshire

Right: Gwen Watford as Mary Stuart (kneeling) and Valerie Taylor as Queen Elizabeth I in a new production of Mr. Stephen Spender's translation of Schiller's *Mary Stuart* at the Old Vic



A multi-storey automatic car park, which is being built at Bridge, London. It will house 464 cars



Judo for policemen: demonstrating a throw in a class for the new Metropolitan Police Cadet Corps at Hendon Training School

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Country Cousins

By LEONARD CLARK

I HAD SO MANY cousins that I could not place them on the rightful branches of our family tree if I tried. Some were dead long before I was born. Some are still living and I have never yet met them. Some were much older, some much younger. Some will not even know of my existence and are not likely to do so. So it is, I suppose, with most families. Cousins are as numerous as stars on a winter night.

I had a number of cousins, near and far in kinship, with whom in my childhood I was in fairly close proximity. There were Cousin Edith, Cousin Jack, and Cousin Eva, to begin with.

Cousin Edith Jackson was old enough to be my mother. She was a short, dumpy, homely woman with a welcoming country face. She had spent her early years in service with some very nice county families (the kind of people we used to call the 'igh-hups'). She was Gloucestershire through and through; the soft inflexions of her earthy speech remained on her tongue until the day of her death, for all her acquaintanceship with great houses. In her thirties she married a blacksmith and went to live at Longhope, a charming village on the borders of Herefordshire. There she settled down comfortably, raised a family, and was greatly respected.

At the Smithy

Mother and I used to go over and see her during the long summer days when the pears and plums were ripening in the Longhope orchards. We got there by horse-brake, quietly ambling along the country lanes. That journey took the best part of two hours, but eventually we would find ourselves outside Edith's cottage. But I always dropped off the brake at the top of the village as soon as I caught sight of the smithy. This was a magical glory-hole for me; it had everything in it a boy wanted. More often than not Fred Jackson would be shoeing a horse. Sometimes I would be allowed to blow the bellows or make an attempt at lifting the heaviest hammer. So the morning in the forge would slip by until Edith's dark head would appear round the corner of the door with the words: 'Are you two boys coming to have your dinner?'

I would lead the way, with big, heavy-footed Fred treading solidly behind me. When we got to the cottage it was with some surprise that I saw mother, divested of black coat and hat, wearing one of Edith's large white aprons and already in charge of the kitchen. Edith would order Fred and me to get ourselves clean and not to bring any blacksmith's hands to the table. Then the serving would begin, with Edith fussing round us and seeing that everything was going along nicely. I have memories of huge blue dishes and tureens piled with vegetables from Edith's garden, and enough home-killed pig-meat to keep a family in luxury for a week. Throughout the meal Fred would say little, but would go on steadily, methodically chewing,

staring at his plate most of the time. But Edith was full of chat and questions.

'Well, you've grown up a bit since I last saw you. How are you getting on at school? Are you still singing in the choir?'

A Round of Visits

Washing-up over, and Fred on his way back to the smithy, Edith would settle mother with the latest cat and last week's local newspaper in an armchair, and then we would go off together. It was always to the same places. First she took me to see the trout in the village stream. Then we would stroll across the fields to watch the train from Hereford to Gloucester dashing by in the deep cutting below. Next we would call at one of the farmhouses where one of her sons worked, and we would sit for a while in the cool buttery and drink cups of milk; then to the woods to see if the chestnuts were ripe for picking, and last of all to the family graves in Longhope churchyard.

We would leave Longhope in the early evening. There was always a last call at the forge to say goodbye to Fred. I can see him now with the sparks flying round his head, and the last horse waiting in the dusk to be shod. Then we would get into the brake and the slow, bat-haunted journey home would begin. But not before Edith had hugged and kissed me, so that I left her with the exciting warmth of her summer arms still on mine.

I don't know what there was about Cousin Edith that I enjoyed so much. Perhaps it was that for all her simple ways she had some kind of mystery about her which I could not then fathom. I thought about her for days after. But now, when a mossed gravestone covers her in Longhope churchyard and forty years separate me from the youngest of her grandchildren, I know that I was in love with her.

Rapscallion Jack

Cousin Edith never met Cousin Jack of Llanelly. He was on the other side of the family. I doubt if she would have approved of him. He was a rapscallion, who began to lead me, with some success, on the downward path when I was about eleven and he thirteen. From Jack I learned to smoke, swear, gamble, the wrong things about girls, and how to avoid church on Sundays. Jack was a robust, carefree, mischievous boy, the demon of his family. A chapel minister prophesied he would end up on the gallows. But Jack grew up to lead a company in the second war, to lose a leg, and to win a medal for bravery.

The first time I met Cousin Jack, a handsome, long-faced, willowy boy, with an air of injured innocence, he took me in at a glance, raised his eyes to heaven, grinned all over his wicked face, and muttered: 'Well, well!'. This encounter took place on Llanelly railway station, where he had come with his elder sister to meet my train. An hour later I was in Jack's bedroom. It had been planned that I was to share it with him. Jack

softly closed the door, and bolted it, told me to sit down on a tin trunk by the window, and then rummaged up the chimney of the little fireplace and brought down a sooty cardboard boot-box. This contained a bottle of stout and a packet of a brand of cigarettes which in those days cost twopence for five.

'Have you ever tried these?' said Cousin Jack. I hadn't. 'I'm afraid we shall have to drink this stuff out of the bottle', he went on. I did. Then in the middle of the orgy, Jack's mother suddenly knocked at the door.

'Jack, what are you up to?' she called out.

'Nothing, mother', answered Jack, 'he's resting after his journey.'

Her footsteps died away. Soon the bottle and the packet were empty and I was feeling more dizzy than manly.

Walk to the Docks

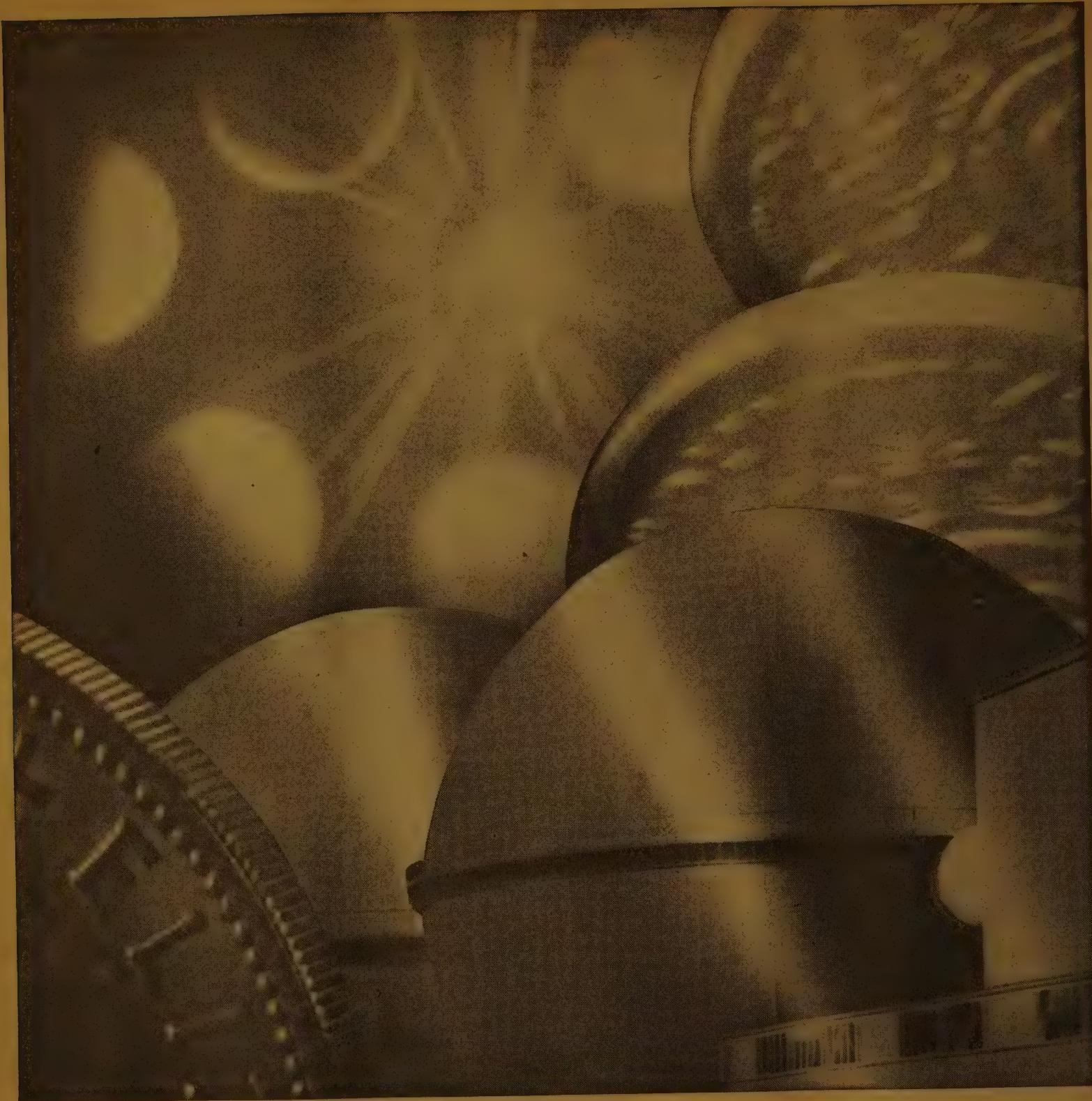
The next day Jack took me for a walk down to the docks. Every time we passed a girl who took his fancy Jack whistled after her. His comments on each of the young ladies not only greatly enlightened me but roused my adolescent curiosity to further knowledge. He seemed to be very well informed about them. Before we left the harbour we dallied with a couple of young Welsh beauties and I was beginning to realize the enormity of my guilt. I thought of mother at home and of what she would say if she could see me. But my fall from innocence was about to become even more headlong.

Jack took me into a neighbour's garden to play the local version of the game of quoits. There were other boys there. There was betting on the result of each match. I had never played the game before. I lost one and fivepence, and never mastered the art of throwing my iron quoit. It was Jack who won most of my money. With it he bought another bottle of stout and some more cigarettes, having, of course, collected his penny on the empty bottle.

That holiday was one round of juvenile dissipation. I cannot say I disliked any of it. It was a new and thrilling experience. This was life, whole and coloured; and I extended my vocabulary and acquired some forbidden habits. I remember Cousin Jack with affection, for he challenged the puritan in me.

Green-eyed Eva

There was something of the adventuring spirit, too, in Cousin Eva. I met her only once, when she was seven and I eight. I kept in touch with her, though, until my home was broken up and I left the west country for good. Eva was the only child of one of mother's nieces. She lived in Pontypridd, in a drab, damp, terrace house, with her father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, three uncles, and two aunts. She was completely and hopelessly spoilt, but she soon had me under her spell. She came to stay with us once, for a fortnight. She turned out to be a green-eyed, caroty-headed slip of a girl with a gleaming, freckled face and unbeliev-



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able energy. I became her complete slave. She ordered me about, made me fetch and carry for her, and with such aplomb and haughtiness that I feared to resist her. She had not been in our house more than a day, though, when I realized that we were entertaining a tartar. But she was a cunning little madam, for she treated mother with great respect, and several times expressed herself willing to help her with the housework.

I shall never forget the first night she was with us. Her wicker travelling basket unpacked, we were sent to bed early because of Eva's long train journey. She had travelled up from South Wales in charge of the guard until she was handed over to mother at the little wayside station about four miles from our home. She had been given a bed in mother's room. I lay awake in my bed wondering what I should do with a girl on the morrow. Then Eva whispered across the landing: 'I don't like it in here; I'm coming in with you'. She was as good as her word, too. Before I knew what had happened, she had opened my door, leapt on to my bed and tucked herself in beside me. She snuggled up close. 'Now tell me a story', she demanded. This was an entirely new experience for me. To begin with, it was the first time I had ever had

anybody in bed with me. What would mother say if she came up and found Eva's bed empty? I told her a story.

'Now', she said in her most tempting voice, 'let us sing hymns under the bedclothes'. We did that as well. I wondered what was coming next. But Eva had exhausted herself and in a few minutes was fast asleep with her arm around my neck. I thought I had better leave her at that point and go and sleep in her bed, but before I could act upon the idea, the day had gone from my eyes and I knew no more until the morning. No comment was made by mother at breakfast time though she did tell Eva that evening it might be better if she slept in her own bed. This she did for the rest of her stay with us, rather, I think, to my disappointment.

That year it was a very hot summer. The sun blazed down, and, as children always do in the country, we made for the nearest streams and ponds. I had been used to paddling in these streams and fishing in the ponds for newts. Eva and I wandered off one morning to our nearest stream. I see it now, kingcapped and wonderfully inviting. Eva informed me that once she had been to Barry where she had bathed in the sea.

I didn't realize what we were heading for.

When we got to the stream it was already haunted by some of my friends, all boys. Eva and I sat down and took our shoes and stockings off. But she didn't stop at that. To my complete embarrassment the hussy took the rest of her clothes off and then demanded that I should do likewise. I suppose if we had been on our own I might have acquiesced, but not with Fred Griffin, Tom Edwards, and Charles Smith in the offing. I flatly refused. Whereupon, Eva burst into tears, bit my arm, grabbed up her clothes, and ran off upstream. I was about to follow her in rage, fear, and trembling. I didn't know what she would be up to next.

'Let her get on with it', said Fred Griffin.

I waited a while and then went after her. There sat Eva on a rock in the middle of the stream, her toes in the water and not a stitch on. She turned to me and casually said, 'I like it here'. I could have slapped her silly face.

Before Eva went back to Pontypridd she asked mother if I could come and stay with her during the next holiday. As things worked out I was never able to accept the invitation. But when I think now of how she behaved in our house, I shudder to think of what would have happened in hers.—*Home Service*

Three Poems

The Anatomy of Love

Although it be controverted by some, whether love-melancholy may be cured, because it is so irresistible and violent a passion, yet without question, if it be taken in time, it may be helped, and by many good remedies amended.

(*The Anatomy of Melancholy*)

Burton spends pages on the cures of love:
Absence or exercise or solitude,
Good counsel, diet (cucumbers are good
But fruit should be avoided, grape or fig),
Seeing her naked, or without her wig,
Or else, to fright the madness from your head,
Let fear and greed inhabit there instead:
Your money has been stolen, or beware!
Your house is burning and your parents dead—
Fly away home, your peace of mind's on fire!

Good counsel, that's the thing: to realize
It is but earth we love, but excrement,
Flesh that decays, limbs that will soon be bent,
Skin that will flake and pouch around those eyes
In whose frail light you see yourself. Be wise:
If she is lovely, is she not a whore?
If she is perfect, sooner will she change:
A Venice glass, a dial, a fading rose.
Think of what issues from her mouth, her nose,
What filth exudes from orifice and pore.
Is this the Eve, the Juliet you adore?

Or counsel her, says Burton: say he's wild,
Will gamble her estate, drink up her dower;
His mother was a witch, his father mad,
And he himself a eunuch or a fool,
Made love to goats and was expelled from school,
Was stolen from his cradle as a child,
Betrays or beats the women in his power,
And cannot hold his water when in bed.

All this he tells us in that curious tome
He wrote to keep himself from idleness,
Pacing about the garden that was home.

He never travelled but in book or map,
Watching the world betray, rejoice and weep,
Hearing of sea-fights, lawsuits, treason, war,
Weddings and funerals: remote but stirred,
He analysed the illnesses he feared.

Judicious friend and learned counsellor,
We toss your words into the bubbling vat
Where passions eat our best intentions, where
Sea-fight and treason, that ferment within,
Poison and taint whatever reason's at.
We long for earth, the gilded excrement,
The fragile glass—we catch it as it falls—
The flower we tear to bits to find its scent,
The unlined flesh whose momentary bloom
Sets flow the blood beneath the crumbling bone.

* Poor learned fool, I'll wash the sheets he soils,
Hide him from justice, pay his debts, submit
My body to his lust or cruelty.
Whatever tortures he can find for it
To save him from himself, I can endure.
Eunuch or thief or changeling let him be,
I take him with my mind on fire, I'll cure
All that is curable, save only love'.

LAURENCE LERNER
—*Third Programme*

Ghosts

The terrace is said to be haunted.
By whom or what nobody knows; someone
Put away under the vines behind dusty glass
And rusty hinges staining the white-framed

Like a nosebleed, locked; or a death in the pond
In three feet of water, a courageous breath.
It's haunted anyway, so nobody mends it
And the paving lies loose for the ants to crawl
through

Weaving and clutching like animated thorns.

We walk on to it,
Like the bold lovers we are, ten years of
marriage,
Tempting the ghosts out with our high spirits,
Footsteps doubled by the silence . . .

. . . and start up like ghosts ourselves
Flawed lank and drawn in the greenhouse glass:
She turns from that, and I sit down,
She tosses the dust with the toe of a shoe,
Sits on the pond's parapet and takes a swift look
At her shaking face in the clogged water,
Weeds in her hair; rises quickly and looks at me.
I shrug, and turn my palms out, begin
To feel the damp in my bones as I lever up
And step toward her with my hints of wrinkles,
Crows-feet and shadows. We leave arm in arm
Not a word said. The terrace is haunted,
Like many places with rough mirrors now,
By estrangement, if the daylight's strong.

PETER REDGROVE
—*Home Service*

Escape

To inland things familiar, blind I run
Down to the distant sands, where they lie bright
Beyond the steep woods' leaf-created twilight,
In the broad wake of the blue-voyaging sun.

Sands that, by summer baked crisp golden-white,
Under another sky look only dun—
The very particles March fiercely spun
Skein after skein in half-demented flight.

Strange metamorphosis of each small sphere
That winds and seas are always adding to—
To bury deep or shuttle here and there—
Old rocks undone, their function to undo
Till some tough grass or persevering brier
Binds them together for an hour or two.

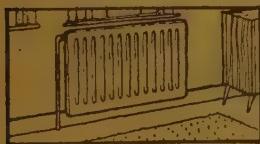
FREDA SMITH

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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Future of the Liberal Party

Sir,—Might I dispute Mr. Berrington's contention (THE LISTENER, October 6) that short of a Labour split (and we do not seem far short of just that) the Liberal Party can only progress slowly in those traditionally Liberal areas of Lancashire and the West Country when their old supporters (who must by now be mostly centenarians) have come back to the fold?

Might I refer him to the Liberal poll in 1959 in two new towns, Harlow and Basildon, where Liberals had never stood and whose electors were unborn in the Liberal heyday. Again, in Harlow New Town's last local elections, for instance, two Liberal seats were won to break the solid Labour phalanx.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1. GEORGE EDINGER

The Art of the Editor

Sir,—J. L. Garvin is having a bad press these days, and Mr. A. P. Ryan in his talk on 'The Art of the Editor' (printed in THE LISTENER of October 13) joins in the chorus of distinguished critics who would deny J. L. G. any greatness. True enough, Mr. Ryan acknowledges Mr. A. M. Gollin's biography to be excellent, but 'reacts strongly' to the subtitle which runs: 'A study in a great editorship'.

I find it strange that critics allow themselves to project an under-exposed image and to proceed from there. In Garvin's case it means limiting oneself strictly to those years between 1908 and 1914, whereas hindsight surely enables one to sum up the man more justly by looking also beyond.

To the public *The Observer* has for many years undoubtedly simply been Garvin, because he dominated the newspaper with his writing. Indeed, Mr. Ryan is right when he complains: 'Garvin . . . got into the habit of over-writing grossly by the standards of the nineteen-thirties'.

But, is this the whole picture? The tribute, for instance, which Lord Camrose pays J. L. G. in his book *British Newspapers and Their Controllers* (Cassell, 1947) is likely to shed additional and significant light on Garvin's editorship. 'He chose', says Lord Camrose, 'a very fine team of writers for the literary, music, dramatic, and other features, and also supplied a make-up which was notable and distinguished'. The tradition of gathering first class contributors to *The Observer* is, happily, still with us, and it would seem that Garvin can lay claim to having started it.

The fact, furthermore, that he was able to raise the sales of *The Observer* to 200,000 weekly, by 1915, points to a startling advance in a quality paper; this was achieved only because Garvin proved to be in the end the successful exponent of that transition period in modern British journalism in which (to quote another Fleet Street man, R. J. Cruickshank) the editor changes from being 'a solo performer' into being 'the conductor of an orchestra'.

It is, therefore, one thing to praise—and praise rightly—the accomplishments of such towering

figures as Scott of the *Manchester Guardian* and Delane of *The Times*, and another to deny at least a degree of greatness to an editor of Garvin's stature. To have given forceful personal direction, to have gathered a fine team and to have markedly increased the circulation of a serious newspaper, these, surely, are points which may have induced Mr. Gollin to claim that he was writing 'A study in a great editorship'.

Yours, etc.,

Shavington

E. H. POLLITT

Looking for a Leader

Sir,—Mr. Bruce Cooper's talk 'Looking for a Leader' (THE LISTENER, October 13) was alarming, not only for the information he gave us, but for the sense of revelation from which he spoke. This was not a chilling discovery of the appalling complexity of human relations under pressures of industrial organization, but a moment of illumination—a 'moment of maturity' which appeared to descend on a group of executives in some kind of group search for self-enlightenment.

But what is the purpose of all this? The average executive is a practical man. However intoxicating the process of self-realization may be, common sense tells him to keep in mind the requirements of the organization which sent him on the course. Sometimes this would seem to entail some poignant double thinking: 'I spoke strongly against this' says one with disarming sincerity, 'because I felt you were trying to foist something on the rest of the group'. (The anger is genuine—but note the reason given for it.) He is learning the value of sincerity—but as a virtue in itself, or as a tool in negotiation? Presumably if he has any misgivings on this point he has already taken the process of self-examination too far. But perhaps such a man would never be selected for the course in the first place?—Yours, etc.,

Halstead

P. DAWE

The 'New Left' in Britain

Sir,—I fully agree with Mr. Ken Coates (THE LISTENER, October 6) that Mr. MacIntyre is not alone in his interpretation of Marx and that there is a considerable literature emphasizing the Hegelian elements in the thought of the young Marx and finding traces of the same elements here and there in the work of Lenin. It is all the same true that there is no evidence to show that Marx was ever dissatisfied with Engels's interpretations of his work; and if we take Lenin's work as a whole—notably *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, with its absurd epistemology—we should need the eye of faith to discern in it more than the faintest kinship with the Marx of 1844. The plain fact is that the interpretation of Marxism preferred by Mr. Coates is an affair of men of letters, philosophers, and ultra-revolutionary splinter groups. It has not so far had the slightest influence upon world politics, and I do not believe it ever will.

As to my supposed embarrassment on the topic of Engels and the Fall of Man, here

Mr. Coates is less than straightforward. He knows—because I said so—that my reference was to *The Origin of the Family*, not to *The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844*. The weavers of pre-industrial England are already 'fallen'. In any case, I do not wish to deny that the Marxists, too, cry: *O felix culpa!*—Yours, etc.,

Leeds

J. M. CAMERON

Justice in Los Angeles

Sir,—Mr. C. R. Hewitt's comments on the letter of Mr. Stephen B. Reichert, Jr. (THE LISTENER, September 22) are quite proper. The court reporter in New York will not take down the closing speech for the defence unless requested to by the District Attorney. Many defence attorneys insist that the Prosecutor's summation be recorded for possible reversible error.

Some judges in New York permit the spectators to make too much noise on occasion, but usually decorum is maintained. After reading newspaper descriptions of a recent Los Angeles murder trial I have no doubt that Mr. Hewitt heard the noise and laughter he described.

Yours, etc.,

New York, 67

HAROLD ENTEN

Art and Politics

Sir,—In his talk on 'Art and Politics' (Third Programme, September 8 and published in THE LISTENER of October 13) Professor Hampshire rightly stressed the dangers of trying to make the arts conform to a particular political, ethical, or aesthetic ideal. Yet at times his own remarks appeared to take little heed of this particular warning. Having just told us to beware of seeking any objective purpose in works of art, he went on to inform us that their purpose is to serve as a means of communication between members of a society that is geared to the production of the self-sufficient specialist. This thesis led him into what I consider to be two serious errors.

In the first place he was induced to draw a false antithesis between 'serious' art and mere entertainment. If the object of art is to encourage communication, he reasoned, then it follows that it must have an objective symbolism, as opposed to entertainment which relies completely on fantasy and individual wish fulfillment. It is surely obvious that no such antithesis exists. All art to a greater or lesser extent is based on fantasy and individual wish fulfillment. It depends in part at least on a measure of personal identification with some aspect of the work of art in question. Endeavours to evaluate merit except in a purely instinctive sense are likely to prove exceedingly unprofitable. Critics have been trying to discover valid objective criteria of judgment since art first started; and few of their reputations have survived it.

Secondly, I do not believe that the arts can ever be organs of mass communication—unless, of course, we start breeding a superior species



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of homo sapiens. They have traditionally been enjoyed by small minorities only for the simple reason that comparatively few people in any generation have had the capacity to appreciate them. Any attempt to secure a wider audience by urging artists to abandon their subjectivity can only lead to the consequences which Professor Hampshire so rightly fears.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

R. J. A. SKIDELSKY

Report on Paper-backs

Sir,—We listened with interest to Mr. Richard Hoggart's programme on which the article in THE LISTENER of October 13 was based; but may we call attention to an aspect of it important to the author and original publisher?

The point is this: the author accepts a very small royalty on the paper-back edition of his book, normally one-eighth of what he would expect on the hard-bound edition, and the publisher too is content to get very little out of it, because they rely on reaching a big new audience and thus compensating for the small royalty.

But what is happening now? The paper-back publisher sells the 3s. 6d. book at trade discounts to a knowing binder, who makes this perishable book 'non-perishable' and sells it to a library. In its new form it may survive 80-100 'free' loans.

For 100 readers of a paper-back we have the right to expect 100 royalties; but for this copy we receive one only; and one firm only is binding 50,000 a year for libraries and schools. This makes nonsense of the paper-back conception.

If nothing can be done to arrest this grave and growing injustice, authors and publishers may be less ready to go into paper-backs, which would be a pity. A remedy would be the Public Lending Right. If we got a penny for each book lent out by a library, we should be less concerned how it was bound or how long it lasted.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.10

A. P. HERBERT

J. ALAN WHITE

Chairman and Vice-Chairman,
Provisional Authors and Publishers
Lending Right Association Committee,
Society of Authors

Sidney and Beatrice Webb

Sir,—In his talk on the Webbs (THE LISTENER, October 13) Mr. John Strachey repeats the old error that Lenin translated the *History of Trade Unionism*. What he plainly translated, at least according to both his *Letters* (London 1937) and the chronology of his life in his *Sochineniya*, was *Industrial Democracy*. What he thought about it is also not beyond conjecture. Much of Lenin's *What Is To Be Done*, which may well claim to be the foundation-stone of Bolshevik theory, concerns the proposition that 'It cannot be too strongly insisted that [being a trade union secretary] is not enough to constitute Social Democracy'.

The evidence for his view is largely drawn from England, and indeed—as witness the extended comparison of Liebknecht with Robert Knight—could hardly have been derived from any book but the Webbs'. (Lenin, *Sel. Works II*, 100-1). Consequently the answer to the question what Lenin thought of the Webbs' idealisation of non-socialist trade unionism is that it taught him what not to strive for. Paradoxically, it may be held that the Webbs were thus a power-

ful negative factor in the formation of Bolshevik theory.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

E. J. HOBSBAWM

Did the Vikings Discover America?

Sir,—Has Lord Raglan not considered that it would have been remarkable indeed had the Vikings of Greenland *not* discovered America, at least Helluland and Markland (Labrador and Nova Scotia)? It is perfectly possible that the Vinland of the Vikings was as far south as Carolina, where winter frosts are negligible. One passage in the Saga of Leif the Lucky mentions that day and night were more equally divided than in Greenland or Iceland, and that the sun was there in the position of *eyktarstad* and *dagmalastad* during the shortest winter days. This last is evidently a sailing direction, giving the latitude. Unfortunately, the precise meaning of the two words, clearly points of the compass, is not known.

The Vinland sagas assuredly do not read like stories of the Celtic Otherworld, nor yet like the voyages of St. Brendan. It would be difficult to find more matter-of-fact narratives. The participants, for instance, are far from being myths or culture-heroes. Snorre, the son of Thorfinn Karlsefni, for instance, who was born in Vinland, is the ancestor of a very well-known Icelandic family. The descriptions of Vinland have Norse brevity, and are entirely credible.

Coventry

Yours, etc.,
J. F. WEST**Mrs. Gaskell**

Sir,—In his talk on Mrs. Gaskell (THE LISTENER, October 6), Mr. David Stone asserts that *Wives and Daughters* is generally considered her finest work. This would appear to be the view of most of her admirers including that of my late mother-in-law, Mabel Constanduros, who adapted *Wives and Daughters* for broadcasting.

It seems strange, therefore, that *Cranford* should be the work for which Mrs. Gaskell is best known and that this novel is so much used in schools. Hardly a tale to captivate a fifteen-year-old, as I remember only too well. I was nevertheless enthralled by the romance and subtleties of *Wives and Daughters*. Can it be that the study of this novel would be too like pleasure?—Yours, etc.,

Pulborough

HILDA CONSTANDUROS

'Henry VI'—Play and Film

Sir,—In his review of the B.B.C. Television production of the first instalment of *Henry VI, Part III*, you reviewer writes of 'the most effective idea of ending this section with Gloucester's aspirations lifted from *Richard III*'. In fact, the speech which ended the first part of *Henry VI, Part III* on B.B.C. Television does not come from *Richard III*. It was simply Gloucester's soliloquy which ends Act III, Sc. 2, of *Henry VI—Part III* and it came in its correct order, exactly half-way through this play.

This speech was, however, lifted in the opposite direction by Sir Laurence Olivier, who combined it with the opening soliloquy of Richard III in his film of this play. So effective was Sir Laurence's long opening monologue that to many people the lines from *Henry VI, Part III* have become inextricably associated with the later and better-known play. Our commendation

must go to Mr. Peter Dews, not for copying Sir Laurence Olivier, but for being true to the actual texts and attempting an independent production which owes nothing to Sir Laurence's great film.—Yours, etc.,

Rochdale

[Our television drama critic apologizes for his error.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER.]

ALAN HINDLE

Pottersville

(concluded from page 687)

book *The Staffordshire Potter*. A hundred and twenty years ago, during the hungry forties of the nineteenth century, the Potteries was in a sorry state. The area depended much more than it does now on the staple industry, and conditions in the industry were very bad. Trade was poor, housing was frightful, wages were extremely low, and unemployment was high. The potters had their union, but it was powerless to extract higher wages from employers who had not enough business to keep themselves in production.

In 1844 the workers, led by one William Evans, decided that their only hope lay in emigration. There were more workers than work, said Evans, and the employers were known to be experimenting with machines that might throw even more men out of work. The unemployed, he said, should be sent off to America to establish a new society, a new Eden, while the remaining stay-at-home potters would find their labour value enhanced and their wages rising. So a society called the Potters' Joint Stock Emigration Society was formed and funds were collected. At this time the Five Towns fairly hummed with enthusiasm: there were endless meetings and discussions and parades, and eventually a handful of officers were sent off to America to prospect and buy up the land for the new settlement. They wanted 12,000 acres for a start.

There was never enough money to give the scheme much of a chance of succeeding, but the stubborn potters pressed on, and in 1847 the emigrant officers reported that they had bought 1,000 acres and intended to ship their wheat, when the harvest came round, back to the Potteries. Then the first of the emigrants were selected—with their wives and families there were forty in all—and a date fixed for the start of the seven-week journey to the New World. The forty were feted in every town at public dinners and at last they set off, with bands playing, by canal for Liverpool. Imagine the scene! The canal banks lined with thousands of waving, cheering potters—all with innocent and utterly unreasonable hope in their hearts.

By 1849 the whole wild scheme had collapsed and it had cost the poor potter a stack of money. But it was a glorious failure. The point is that it aimed high, far higher than the dreams that humble working men are usually content with. It is an episode that the Potteries should be proud of—along with its great craft of potting, its breezy democracy, its fiery independence, and its grim smile.—*Home Service*

The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse (O.U.P. £2 10s.) contains poems written in French as well as in English. A long introductory essay by the compiler, A. J. M. Smith, traces the history of poetry in Canada from its origins about a century and a quarter ago—'after the hard work of hacking a new home out had been accomplished'—down to the present day.

Round the London Art Galleries

By STEPHEN SPENDER

THE MATTHEW SMITHS at the Royal Academy are a great tribute to an artist whose position is perhaps indicated by two facts: that he never exhibited in the Academy, and that there is no mention of him in Sir Herbert Read's *A Concise History of Modern Painting*. The exhibition is arranged chronologically, and although this seems disadvantageous when one comes to a room consisting almost entirely of nudes, it is interesting to trace his development from the early works of the nineteen-twenties, opaque and fauve, through the middle 1930 period of brilliant, transparent pictures sketched in audacious brush strokes, to the violently coloured and decorative ones of the late nineteen-forties and fifties.

His work has an extraordinary consistency of aim. Going from room to room is like following three broad lines running parallel with one another—of landscape, still life, and nudes—with just a sprinkling of portraits (including good ones of Mr. Henry Green, and of a parrot). At his best, Matthew Smith captured moments of experience that retain the brilliant gloss of the first immediate vision. In 'The Falling Model', 'Model à la Rose', and 'Provençal Landscape', the singleness of the impression is retained, emphasized by the concentrated rapidity of audacious workmanship. At his less than best, the brush-strokes seem to have begun too soon and reached too far; there is a sense of things that ought to be placed with instinctive rightness being fumbled slightly.

To an almost comical extent, Matthew Smith is a hot painter, treating hot subjects in hot colours. He has often been called an English Matisse, but the more one sees of his work the less this seems to be true. What he is really involved in is the subject as it looked just then: if he can capture this, he has all, if he cannot he fails. How different from the approach of Matisse, for whom the model was the starting point of the image created on the canvas. Matthew Smith's world is of real things intensified by an exotic imagination which puts all his subjects as it were in his private greenhouse, or under the canvas-bell of a tent. There is a certain airlessness about his nudes and still-lifes which may be my reason for preferring, usually, his landscapes. But as a colourist he is doubtless best in a painting like 'Seated Nude' (No. 95) which has the glowing transparent colours of a rose stained-glass window.

An exhibition which requires nothing but recommendation is the group of eighteen Van Gogh self-portraits at the Marlborough Gal-

lery's new rooms at 39 Old Bond Street. The present selection is revealing in showing the great unevenness of his style, the passionate sincerity with which he followed his most difficult vocation, his own truth, which he sought out in so many ways. The search involved him, as one knows from his letters, in a life-long scrutiny of the seeking self. He always paints himself three-quarters face, and his really great self-portraits are those in which he makes up a rhythmic pattern of very small brush strokes, like marigold petals, concentrating to the space between the eyes. It is the face of a man living at the centre of a flame. Of the

points out in his perceptive introduction to the catalogue. Mr. Sylvester links these paintings with the Cubists and with Bonnard. I would suggest (though this may sound like a game) that they are perhaps closer to English vorticist painting of powerful interlocking forces held as it were in an immovable grip, reproductions of which are still to be found in then-contemporary numbers of magazines edited by Wyndham Lewis. They also remind me of Morandi's painting when he was in what was called (I think) his period of 'metaphysical' painting. The drawings, in which some fragments are delineated with analytic precision, as though on a wall, and others left as bare spaces, recall the surprisingly un-Italian work of certain young Italian painters—Leonardo Cremonini and Sergio Romiti. Jack Smith's stillness has the hard white concentration of the world of the research worker.

These pictures are the very opposite of the activist painting which is now fashionable, being concerned with things motionless, light encrusted like thick motes of dust on surfaces.

Downstairs, near the restaurant of the Tate Gallery, there are drawings from the miniature world of small beasts by Beatrix Potter. It may be useful to linger a few moments at these before going to the works of the Blaue Reiter

portraits of him, only Toulouse-Lautrec's has this demonic quality. Gauguin, characteristically, makes Van Gogh look like a village idiot.

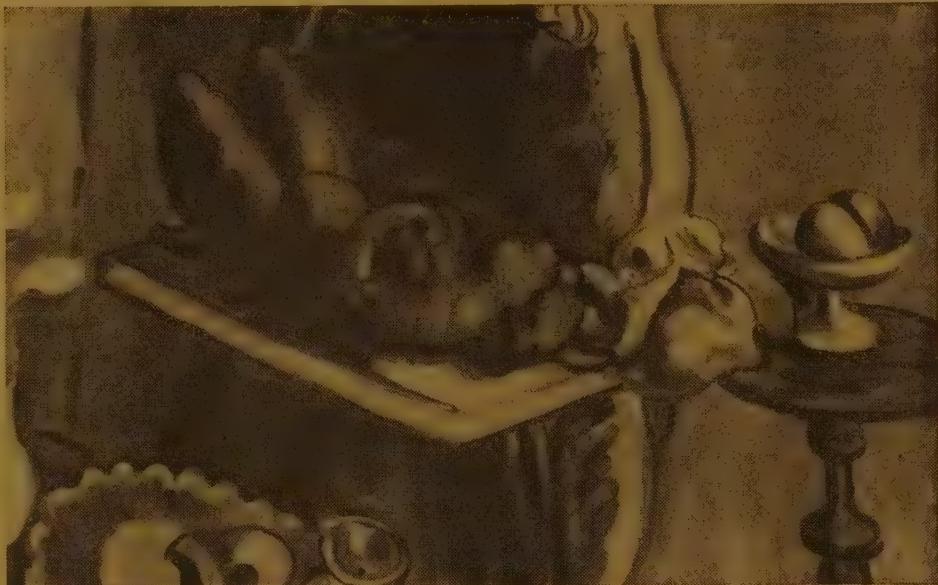
Peter Lanyon's paintings at Gimpel Fils make one reflect that a good deal of modern painting which might be called abstract is in fact based on experience which is either new to and unrecorded by art, or else is things remembered by the muscles, translated into the language of the eye. These paintings do not represent identifiable objects, though their colour is that of Cornwall—sea and cliffs and rocks and weeds and granite. The lines describe perhaps kinetic experience, such as swimming under water, enclosing forms which move towards or away from the painter. No representation of rocks and sea floor could invent so well subaqueous feeling, as of cliffs seen from under-sea, cables and ropes of anchors, rock pools and caves and spume.

It often seems to me that the most significant painting today is to do with movement, so I have no difficulty in admiring the work of Lanyon. But the paintings of Jack Smith (at the Matthiesen Gallery) create the opposite of movement: stillness, as Mr. David Sylvester

Group. For it is from a world of Beatrix-Potter-like fable that the fantasies of Kandinsky, the horses and deer of Franz Marc, the puppet-like figures of Jawlensky, even the organic world of growth in Paul Klee, originate. Theirs is an art of becoming in which, when the artist paints a tree, to use Klee's words, 'pressed and moved by the power of the rising sap, he passes the things seen into his work'.

Such artists submit themselves to tests of purity and integrity, of losing themselves in the nature of the object; and one can feel almost envious of the years before the first world war which enabled young artists to have such faith in their own magic powers, retain such innocence. But painters like Klee and Kandinsky conquer whole worlds of 'organic' and 'inorganic dwarfs', whereas Franz Marc skates on the thin ice of cosy *kitsch*, and Jawlensky all too often plunges into folksy puppetry.

The exhibition of Jawlensky's paintings at the Redfern Gallery confirms the impression that he painted best in about 1911. But so did most of those great painters of this century who had the privilege of being alive then.



'Still Life with Clay Figure, 1', by Matthew Smith: from the memorial exhibition at the Royal Academy of Arts

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Sir George Goldie and the making of Nigeria. By John E. Flint. Oxford. 30s.

Reviewed by LEONARD WOOLF

THE MAIN SOURCE for the life of Sir George Goldie has hitherto been the rather unsatisfactory biography of him by the Duchess of Wellington. It is an unsatisfactory book because it is an emotional and undiscriminating defence of a hero by a rather emotional woman. Mr. Flint has had access to a great deal of important and illuminating material concerning Goldie which was only made available after 1952. He has written a sober, factual, documented account of Goldie's life and achievements.

Goldie is biographically interesting from two entirely different points of view, first psychologically as a man, a man with a private life; secondly as a historical figure. Privately he must have been a very curious, passionate character. In this Mr. Flint is not interested. He repeats the stories told by Goldie himself about his bolting from the army to live with an Arab girl in the Sudan for three years, then living 'a life of idleness and dissipation' in England, and finally eloping with the family governess to Paris. After that the man George Dashwood Goldie Taubman, who changed his name in 1887 to George Dashwood Taubman Goldie, disappears from Mr. Flint's pages, which are concerned solely with Goldie, the public figure, the empire builder, the maker of history.

From the point of view of imperialism or colonialism in general and of Nigeria in particular, the book is valuable. It was largely owing to Goldie that Nigeria was acquired as a colonial property by the British Empire, snatched from the greedy hands of France and Germany in the scramble for Africa. The main facts with regard to this and the part played by Goldie and the National African Company have, of course, long been known, but Mr. Flint's study of both the old and the new material enables him to tell a far more detailed and complete story than anyone has told before.

For anyone except a very imperialistic British patriot it is an extremely nasty story. In the last twenty years of the nineteenth century the empire builders of Britain, France, and Germany pursued their objects unmoved by any scruples or any pity. All that it is really necessary to say about Mr. Flint's book is that it proves that Goldie was even more unscrupulous and ruthless than most. The instrument with which he worked was the Chartered Company which in the eighties of the last century became a fashionable method of acquiring Empire on the cheap. His method of using it was in general the same as that of all the other empire builders of the time, German, French, Portuguese, or British. Using gin as the form of currency most efficacious for corrupting and destroying the African, he induced the rulers and chiefs to sign 'treaties' handing their territory over to the Company in return for 'protection', which was a euphemism for their ruin and destruction. The

acquisition of territory and the making of profits were justified by Goldie on the pretence that the object was to prevent the slave trade, and, as Mr. Flint explains, he met the objections of 'those who questioned the morality of "mowing down natives with artillery and maxim guns"' by arguing that 'the end justifies the means'. The end was in fact first profits, and secondly power. For the sake of the Company's profits, he reduced the whole population of Brassmen in the Niger delta to destitution and starvation. To quote Mr. Flint, the Brass people's

sense of ignominy was produced by the poverty itself, and also by a series of incidents in which the Niger Company employees had behaved in an arrogant and brutish way . . . The wife of a prominent Brass freeman had been outraged on board one of the hulls by a Niger Company clerk, and presents were forced on her afterwards as if she were a common prostitute. Another less virtuous lady, mistress to one of the clerks, had been seized by the company's beachmaster there . . . stripped naked and coated with tar.

And so the horrible story goes on until eventually the British Government takes over Nigeria from the hands of Sir George Goldie and his Chartered Company.

The South Sea Bubble

By John Carswell
Cresset Press. 35s.

In 1720, the year of the South Sea Bubble, the capital of the three great joint stock companies, the Bank of England, the East India Company, and the South Sea Company, consisted entirely of loans made by them to the state. Though this capital was therefore not available for trading purposes, it was found that it could be used as security, or, in contemporary terminology, as a 'fund of credit', on which to borrow the money required for their business. The success with which a body like the Bank of England had operated on this basis gave rise to exaggerated notions of the possibilities of the process, which came to be regarded as capable of indefinite extension. These notions were carried to their logical conclusion in the South Sea Bubble, which arose from the idea of using the national debt as a 'fund of credit' for financing commercial projects.

The Bubble originated in an offer by the South Sea Company to pay the state £7½ millions for the privilege of converting £31 millions of debt into their own stock, and to reduce the interest on the whole from 5 to 4 per cent. at the end of four years. This offer was based on the calculation that it would lead to a rise in South Sea stock sufficient to enable conversion to be represented as a very profitable proposition. Thus, for example, if the price were high enough to enable conversion at the rate of £100 stock to £200 debt, only £15½ millions of stock would need to be issued for the £31 millions of debt, leaving a balance of £15½ millions to be sold at the market price as profit for the stockholders, after deducting the sum due to the government.

Why should the amalgamation of £31 millions

of public debt with the £12 millions of debt already held by the South Sea Company be expected to lead, as it in fact did, to a spectacular rise in the Company's stock? The answer is to be found in the notions, already referred to, of the infinite possibilities of 'a fund of credit'. This is shown by the fact that one of the chief objections raised to the scheme, both in Parliament and outside it, was not that it was unsound, but that it would make the Company too powerful. A letter to Harley, the founder of the South Sea Company, from a correspondent whom Mr. Carswell considers 'as acute an observer as any', puts this point of view clearly:

The least discerning eye can discover that a body of men, with a stock of forty-three millions, and credit for as much more, acting by united counsels, must fill the House of Commons, and rule this little world. . . What occasion will there be for Parliaments hereafter?

Mr. Carswell has written the best, fullest, and most readable account that has yet appeared of this complicated affair, in both its financial and its political aspects, placing it in its international background, the even vaster operations of John Law across the Channel, inspired by similar ideas and ending in the same way. He does not, however, sufficiently bring out the fact that it was not only a clever swindle, but the product of contemporary economic fallacies, in some of which he gives the impression of half believing himself. It is a pity that, in an otherwise scholarly work, references should have been reduced to a minimum.

ROMNEY SEDGWICK

The Queen and the Poet. By Walter Oakeshott. Faber. 25s.

In 1935, the present Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, an authority on medieval art, purchased for £4 15s. a notebook which had once belonged to Sir Thomas Phillipps. Seventeen years later, being hard up, he decided to sell it; but on the very day he deposited it with a bookseller, by a coincidence which he could be forgiven for regarding as providential, he happened to see in the British Museum an exhibition containing some of Raleigh's letters. He realized that the notebook was in the same handwriting and that Raleigh must have used it while he was collecting materials for *The History of the World*.

On the fly-leaf, however, was an unpublished poem addressed to Cynthia, which must have been written before the death of Queen Elizabeth. Another poem, known to Oldys and rediscovered by Mr. P. Robinson in another Phillipps manuscript, came to light shortly afterwards. Although not in Raleigh's handwriting its authenticity is assured by the fact that Puttenham quoted six lines of it as examples of Raleigh's 'lofty, insolent and passionate' style.

Prompted by these discoveries, Mr. Oakeshott has given us a full account of Raleigh's relations with Elizabeth, together with the text (in modernized spelling) of the poems written by him to Cynthia. Mr. Oakeshott's account of the

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'twelve years' war', the attempt by Raleigh to win power by becoming the Queen's favourite, is well told and generally plausible. Raleigh fell from favour twice, in 1589 and 1592. By the help of a passage in *The Faerie Queene*, of an obscure joke in *Love's Labour's Lost* on the word 'salve', and of a poem which may be Raleigh's ('Would I were changed into that golden shower'), Mr. Oakeshott seeks to show that Raleigh, seeing himself threatened by the predominance of Essex, 'had made a bolder [i.e., an unplatonic] approach to the Queen'. This seems unlikely: it is dangerous to assume that everything that had happened to Spenser's Timias happened also to Raleigh; the doubtful poem is an adaptation of Ronsard—not of Desportes, as Mr. Oakeshott states; and even if it were addressed to Elizabeth there is no reason to think that her maiden modesty would have been affronted by it. All we really know about the disgrace of 1589 is that Essex was responsible for it.

Mr. Oakeshott's account of the disgrace of 1592, when Raleigh secretly married one of the Queen's maids-of-honour, Elizabeth Throckmorton, is more convincing. In prison Raleigh wrote 'The eleventh book of the Ocean's Love to Cynthia' in which he protested his undying love for the Queen, compared to which his feelings for the Elizabeth he had married were nothing:

my error never was forethought
Or ever could proceed from sense of loving.

His career, of course, depended on the favour of the Queen, and the poem was written to procure his release and was not meant to be taken literally. But, in spite of this and in spite of its unfinished form, it contains some of Raleigh's most powerful verse. Mr. Oakeshott believes, in spite of the evidence of the title and of *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, that the first ten books were never written.

The commentary on the Cynthia poems is often illuminating. The eleventh book is an obscure poem which previous editors have done little to explain. Mr. Oakeshott makes an honest attempt to explain almost every line. We may disagree, however, with one of the breaks he inserts in the poem, after 1.146, which comes in the middle of a rhymed quatrain. He is too easily persuaded of Raleigh's authorship of some poems. The evidence that he wrote 'Is Love a Boy?' is very slender indeed; and 'Away with these self-loving lads' is certainly Greville's. It is difficult to see why Armado's 'The sweet warman is dead and rotten' should remind us of Raleigh's words, written during the next reign: 'If the late Queen would have believed her men of war'. Finally, it should be mentioned that a comparison of the text of the new poem with the photograph of the manuscript reveals a number of misreadings. Raleigh wrote *tyme, conqueringe, allwaye, fier, quintessentiall, minde, bynde, ded, sence and butt*: Mr. Oakeshott, though he retains the old spelling and impossible punctuation, prints *Time, conquering, alwaye, fire, quintessentiall, mind, bind, did, sens and But*. From the notes, moreover, it is apparent that he intended to print *lusteth*, though he actually gives *lastethe*—which from the photograph appears to be correct.

In spite of these flaws, Mr. Oakeshott has written an interesting book. It is to be hoped that he will now give us a fuller account of the contents of the notebook. Raleigh was a great

prose-writer and, at moments, a great poet. Anything that adds to our understanding of his work is to be welcomed.

KENNETH MUIR

The Making of an Englishman

By Fred Uhlman. Gollancz. 25s.

Fred Uhlman, now a painter of individuality and, sometimes, of great charm, was born the son of a Stuttgart businessman, and at thirty was already in successful practice as a lawyer. Then one day—it was March 23, 1933—a friend telephoned. He had seen a judge with whom Mr. Uhlman had always been on good terms but who turned out to be a Nazi. 'Tell him', said the judge, 'that Paris is very beautiful now. Tell him: *now*'. So Mr. Uhlman packed his little car and the following day, by a secondary road, he crossed the frontier, an act which undoubtedly saved his life.

The first part of this autobiography is of great interest as an unfamiliar social document. The latter part is an absorbing story of the adventures (and misadventures) of an unusually approachable human being, told with candour, modesty, much humour, and not a trace of self-pity. The pages describing the time he spent in Paris in partnership with a breeder of tropical fish are so admirably written and, for those who can see humour even in misfortune, so hilarious that presently they will surely find their way into some anthology.

In 1936 he arrived here with only five words of English (not the ones you would expect) and an almost total ignorance of the country and its culture, always excepting Shakespeare, about whom he had absorbed the orthodox German view that 'he really belongs to us, who deserve him so much more than the English'. The chapter devoted to his first months here is also a delight, for he 'fell in love with the people'. Mr. Uhlman has written a book which, it is safe to say, will appeal to those who know nothing of the author hardly less than to his friends. His story ends in 1945 when, happily married and with two young children, he was at last able to settle down to that life of placidity which, though he sometimes deplores its lack of intensity, was so abundantly deserved.

ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

Mistapim in Cambodia

By Christopher Pym.

Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.

Mr. Christopher Pym (the pseudo-pidgin coyness of the title was his publisher's choice) spent most of his second visit to Cambodia living in a Chinese temple. The temple guardian refused Mr. Pym's offer to buy and light a few sticks of incense to the general to whom the temple was dedicated, because the general, the guardian said, did not accept bribes.

For his living Mr. Pym taught English to Chinese students, being careful to disguise whether politically he was 'a right-side fellow' or 'a left-side fellow'; and in the evenings he listened to a neighbouring loudspeaker play 'Rose, Rose, I love you' (one of the most popular songs in south-east Asia) with the words translated into various Chinese dialects. In the early mornings he learnt Khmer from a Buddhist monk. It is one of those difficult languages with different words to use towards

different classes of people. In his spare time Mr. Pym interviewed the Cambodian king, watched the royal ballet, was invited to friends' weddings, and collected the details of Chinese weather betting. The Cambodian Chinese bet on 'rain' or 'no rain', and the rain has to fall down the weather bookmaker's official gutter pipe, and wet a cigarette paper placed at the bottom of it. Rumours in the Cambodian capital sometimes credit the bookmaker with stuffing the pipe with stale bread to absorb the moisture from a light local shower, or melting a block of ice to produce evidence of local rain where no rain has fallen.

Like almost every visitor to Cambodia Mr. Pym liked the Cambodians and enjoyed himself. He has a number of pleasant stories to tell, but he fails to provide much link between them. Possibly his own adventures and views on the country might have provided this link, if he had been able to include more about one of his main interests in the country—Cambodian history and monuments—on which he is now writing a separate book.

LOIS MITCHISON

The England of Nimrod and Surtees

By E. W. Bovill. Oxford. 25s.

The main aim here, according to the author's preface, is to give an account of the way in which foxhunting grew from the 'private pastime of the squirearchy into a national sport'; and also to record the exciting story of the decline of stage-coaches in the forty years after the battle of Waterloo. Curious facts are noted about hunting personalities such as Peter Beckford and Hugo Meynell, about hunting expenses, sporting literature, the post-chaise, coaches and coachmen, and the way in which railways affected country inns. By 1848, when *Dombey and Son* was published, there were 5,000 miles of railways and 2,000 more were under construction.

This writer catches that romance of coach travel so fascinating to Charles Dickens—and he appends an excellent note on Tony Weller—but his primary concern is with the leisured life of the squirearchy, featured so largely in the crude and comic pages of two sporting writers: Robert Smith Surtees, author of *Handley Cross*, and the incredibly snobbish C. J. Apperley, who wrote under the pseudonym 'Nimrod'.

This book comes into a category where nostalgia and prejudice undermine all scholarship and common sense. Mr. Bovill is both chronicler and propagandist; and it is in the latter role that the true purpose of his special pleading can be discerned. Against a mass of evidence to the contrary, he optimistically professes to see a 'silver lining' in the clouds that have gathered over the rural sport of hunting. Nimrod and Surtees both thought their favourite sport would die, but this author believes it to be 'as firmly established in the hearts of country people as it has ever been', although it is naively implied that nowadays foxhunting has to be defended against its 'ignorant town-dwelling enemies'.

The part of this brief history which has some value is that on the stage-coach, where the author is content to forget about privileges or prestige. What one regrets is that he should have made claims demonstrably too large. For instance, he says that hunting in this period had become a 'democratic sport'. This ignores the

small farmers and unorganized agricultural labourers, who had neither the leisure nor the money to indulge in the caprice of hunting. They were excluded from it, and today increasing numbers of them have little patience with it.

E. W. MARTIN

Franz Kafka. By Günther Anders.

Bowes and Bowes. 10s. 6d.

Kafka tells us that man is an immense swamp. The books, the journeys of investigation, all peter out. There is no firm ground underfoot for this wanderer confused by freedom. 'Whatever I touch crumbles to pieces'. He longs for judgment and seeks salvation in allegiance. For Günther Anders this presents a moral difficulty, since he finds in Kafka a political message of self-abasement, a terrible prospect so soon after the horrors of National-Socialism. He concludes that 'the fashionable cult of Kafka is therefore to be viewed with considerable misgivings'.

This short book was first published in German nine years ago. There is no longer a fashionable cult of Kafka. Those who remain do so because they recognize the situation. Kafka, the Jew on the fringe of Judaism, the German-speaking Czech, the frail son of a strong and contemptuous father, the writer who, as Mr. Anders puts it, 'represents the extreme, the textbook example of this deep affinity between the artistic consciousness and doubt', this Kafka is the man permanently in the wrong set. He is not habituated to the world. There are too many possible directions for action. For Scott Fitzgerald's last tycoon there was only one way out of the dilemma: 'Sometimes you have to fake will when you don't feel it at all... A dozen times a week that happens to me. Situations where there is no real reason for anything. You pretend there is'. But for Kafka there can be no fake. 'Accept your symptoms', he notes in his diary, 'don't complain of them; immerse yourself in your suffering'. There are no accidents in his books, and therefore no astonishment; he accepts authoritarian absurdity without surprise.

What Mr. Anders dislikes about Kafka is that he does not decide between right and wrong, that indeed he seems to give allegiance to evil. But to say that Kafka's hero is 'the centre of complete indifference' might also mean that he is a saint. Patience is both a military and monastic virtue. Admittedly, Mr. Anders's fears are valid: the danger of meek conformity is there. But it is a truism that success is possible only at the risk of failure. Thomas Mann spent his life describing the perils of submission. The potentialities of failure are terrifying, yet the venture has to be made, and is made. Like Rilke's ideal, the anemone, Kafka will be open and receptive, at whatever cost. To immerse yourself in your suffering seems a negative attitude, but the act of faith can be expressed in a positive way too, as a later diary entry shows: 'Mount your

attacker's horse and ride it yourself. The only possibility. But what strength and skill that requires! And how late it is already'. For him the merest gesture is holy if filled with faith, and faith means acceptance without pre-judgment.

This book is a welcome addition to the series of 'Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought'. It is not an introduction to Kafka. It assumes the introduction that only the novels and journals can give. This is Kafka alive, seen against the general background of European literature. As a burst of perceptive vehemence the book commands respect. It is notable for clarity of style and argument. For the ease of the English version we must give due thanks to the translators, A. Steer and A. K. Thorlby.

IDRIS PARRY

from farm to farm, as throughout the whole valley tales were spread of his intractable behaviour. Kicked out of a farmhouse, he spent some anxious but instructive hours with a group of shuffling old men in the local workhouse, until at last the sorely-tried billeting officer came to move him to still another household. In the end the young rebel found an emotionally comfortable berth with a brother and sister whose portraits are painted with loving care. Only to this big-hearted woman would the proud, stubborn boy unburden himself, and confide the dread secret of having been a parish orphan.

Although obviously a clever boy, the author loathed school for it took him away from the exciting man's world he had just discovered. He did not want 'to forgo the wisdom of mists

and seasons, the watching of badgers and the building of rucks'—'rucks' are ricks. But schools in areas like County Fermanagh must take note of seedtime and harvest, for even children are needed then to help on the little farms. Holidays, as Mr. Harbinson puts it, were 'movable feasts' dictated by the requirements of field and bog. A schoolmistress, with an eye to his future, wanted him to sit for a scholarship to Portora—Oscar Wilde's old school—but the lad's mother, a widow, insisted that he should leave at fourteen to 'serve his time' in the Belfast shipyard.

Not the least enjoyable chapter in an interesting book is that dealing with the superstitions and 'charms' that linger on in the remote Ulster countryside. As one might expect, Roman Catholics are more devoted to these super-

stitutions than Protestants, although the poorer and less-educated Protestants do not altogether rule them out. Strange, witch-like concoctions—snails, bladders, rabbit tongues, eyes of mice, pig's blood and so on—are apparently still used in pathetic attempts to cure various ailments. Mr. Harbinson, unused to these country ways, found himself 'very anti-charms' when they failed to cure his warts, but he adds that the 'naughty roots'—that is, love potions—hardly ever failed to do their job.

ROBERT GREACEN

Song of Erne. Robert Harbinson.

Faber. 18s.

In his first instalment of autobiography, *No Surrender*, Robert Harbinson wrote of the growing pains and joys of a high-spirited child making his way through the back-street jungle of Belfast, taking us up to his twelfth year. Now he tells the story of his evacuation at the beginning of the war into the distant countryside of West Ulster, and of how a brave new world of woods and fields, islands and lakes, opened up for the grubby city urchin. The earlier volume was a cry from the heart of a wild young animal who knew instinctively that a place in the sun—or, since it was Belfast, out of the rain—had to be fought for. This one, gentler, more lyrical, shows how the older boy grasped the freedom of what then appeared an Arcadian landscape. Happiness was for the taking. The motif of these deeply felt, simply written, unsentimental pages is the discovery of joy.

Mr. Harbinson's first place of refuge from the threat of bombs was a country vicarage, in the bathroom of which he characteristically filled his pockets with a large quantity of toilet paper 'so that I could have music wherever I went, by humming through the paper wrapped over my comb'. Not surprisingly, the aged Church of Ireland clergyman did not find him a suitable candidate for a permanency. He was shuttled

Jokes and their Relation to the Unconscious. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by James Strachey. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

The publication of a full-length book by Freud which is practically unknown to English-language readers is an event of considerable interest; and the book under review must be so considered. It is true that a version derived from the same German text has been in circulation since 1917 under the title of *Wit and its Relation to the Unconscious*, the work of A. A. Brill. Ernest Jones wrote 'Brill's evidently imperfect knowledge of both English and German' prevented Freud's work which he translated being properly presented to the English-reading public, and nowhere has Freud's



A bicycling party in 1883. One of the many fascinating pictures in H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor's *A Family Album* (Cassell, 21s.). The two young men in pill-box hats are the author's father, later King George V, and, seated on one of the bicycles, Prince Albert Victor, later the Duke of Clarence



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* The Mayas of Central America chewed chicle (the basis of today's chewing-gum) more than 1,000 years ago. And they were renowned for their splendid teeth.



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A Plague on Both Houses?

IT IS EASY to get impatient with Parliament. Its rules are antiquated, its recesses unconscionably long. It devotes great tracts of time to trivialities, while issues one burns about personally never get debated at all. Individual members can be extraordinarily silly. Ministers maddeningly evasive. And it is easy to demonstrate persuasively that real power has long deserted it.



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"A London Diary" (The Observer's rather detached title for its closely engaged political column) exemplifies uniquely the fascination of Parliament. It yields the insider's key to Westminster, the knowledge that is not common knowledge, the ability to detect motives and pressures and point their influence upon what is said, or left unsaid. Now that Parliament has reassembled, this column will be one of The Observer features that I shall turn to first. Nor shall I be exactly alone...

This London Diary comments as much as it reports, assesses personalities, dares to prognosticate. Sometimes it is even wrong. That is to the point. Only fools and wise men are willing to commit themselves—but fools are not read and quoted (with or without approval) by newspapers, politicians and other public utterers all round the world.

Furthermore, when there is an important debate you can generally rely on The Observer being there with an article to fill in the background; and it will be by someone with an international reputation on the subject. Every week there is the economic survey by Andrew Shonfield or Alan Day, who between them have convinced me that economics really exist (outside the minds of economists, I mean). And there is Cyril Dunn on America, Edward Crankshaw on Russia, Sebastian Haffner on Germany... to name only three other brilliant background providers.

J.B.L.

thought been more incompletely revealed than in the older version of this difficult text. Mr. James Strachey is one of the great translators of our time, and, as far as anybody could do so, he has faithfully reproduced all the nuances of Freud's ideas; but in so doing he has had to abandon the customary elegance of his language. There are two reasons for this: a number of the jokes Freud discusses depend on homophones and other plays on words which cannot be paralleled in English; and semantically the German and English terms classifying amusement-producing words or actions—jokes, jests, humour and so on—do not have the same referents. Mr. Strachey has consistently used one English word for one German word; this is certainly the most faithful solution, but it makes for rather uncomfortable reading.

Jokes and their Relation to the Unconscious was written in 1905, part of the fantastic outpouring of talent which followed the publication of *The Interpretation of Dreams*. It can

be considered as a vastly extended footnote to that seminal work; Mr. Strachey explains in his preface that the impetus to it was given in a letter from Wilhelm Fliess complaining that the dreams were too full of jokes. In content and style it is nearest to *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*, its immediate predecessor. With the analysis of dreams, Freud apparently thought for a time that he had discovered a key to the explanation of behaviour which could be applied without any further knowledge of the people concerned; he wrote as though the human psyche acted under consistent and coherent rules which, when discovered, were self-evident. He found that much the same mechanisms—condensation, displacement and so on—were operative in the dream-work and the 'joke-work' (thirty years later Ella Sharpe pointed out that they were also operative in poetry) and so concluded that there was more than an analogy between dreams and jokes. As dreams gratify childish wishes, so jokes gratify childish plea-

sures; and Freud posits a universal childish pleasure in playing with words, a concept which would probably not stand up to cross-cultural investigation. The other pleasure from jokes, which provokes the laughter, springs from relief from psychical expenditure, from psychical economy; and the terms in which Freud discusses this 'economy' are extremely concrete; on page 157 he compares the psyche to the manager of a large business:

He will feel satisfaction if a piece of work can be carried out at a smaller cost than previously, however small the saving may seem to be in comparison with the size of the total expenditure. In a quite analogous fashion, in our complex psychical business too, economy in detail remains a source of pleasure...

Although many of the concepts employed in this essay were modified or abandoned by Freud in later years, it is still of great interest, both in itself and as an illustration of the workings of a genius at the height of his powers. And many of the jokes are still very funny.

GEOFFREY GORER

New Novels

The Brothers M. By Tom Stacey. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

The Adventurers. By Margot Heinemann. Lawrence and Wishart. 16s.

The Foxglove Saga. By Auberon Waugh. Chapman and Hall. 15s.

THESE ARE ALL first novels. As the growing avalanche of newly published books makes it increasingly difficult for the aspirant author to get a foothold, the case for having a special look at first novels becomes increasingly compelling—with his first novel reviewed, the beginner is at least put on the map, to sink or swim with his next books; unreviewed, he can scarcely be said nowadays to have made a start. Mr. Stacey, Miss Heinemann, and Mr. Auberon Waugh certainly deserve to be put on the map.

Through the core of all valuable novels, through the core of all works of art, sounds the individual protest of the artist. Mr. Stacey and Mr. Waugh belong to the newest literary generation, Miss Heinemann to the last but one: what immediately strikes one is that through not one of these three novels sounds the peculiar protest, disorganised and disagreeable, which is supposed to characterize the literary generation in between. *The Brothers M* is about the Oxford friendship between a white man and a black man, which leads them to make a joint expedition to the remote tribe in Africa to which the black man's mother belonged. *The Adventurers* is about the entwining lives of two young Welsh miners: one, who stays in the valley, keeps his integrity intact; the other, who moves via adult education to Fleet Street and the B.B.C., gets his a bit worn. *The Foxglove Saga* satirically follows the efforts of some boys from a Roman Catholic public school to cope with the first years after school. The protest of Mr. Stacey and Miss Heinemann is solid, humane, and warm-hearted. Miss Heinemann's, from the far Left wing, is tough; Mr. Stacey's, from the Centre, is sensitive: both are markedly of the here-and-now. Mr. Waugh's, from a very 'old brandy' sort of far Right wing, is brilliantly decorative.

Mr. Stacey's main themes are The Search for Identity and The Relation of The Black Man to The White, which you might expect to comprise the recipe for a pretty lifeless novel. On the contrary: although *The Brothers M* is far too

long, and the literary style has, to put it mildly, its ups and downs, Mr. Stacey infuses a vivid and appealing life into the book by dealing with his themes in terms of a friendship. He traces it sincerely and unselfconsciously—to an embarrassing degree sometimes. The white man, a Scots-Canadian Rhodes scholar, is searching, after an inhibiting childhood relationship with his mother, for his identity as a mature man. The black man, a highly educated Ugandan, is searching, through recapture of tribal memory, for his identity as a true African. The account of the expedition to Ruwenzori is entralling, and the two men arrive at the goal of their search dramatically. Actually the Canadian ends up got-down for life, while the African ends up dead—a powerful testimony to the practical wisdom of that old adage for anyone worried about his Identity, *Forget it!* No matter: this is an interesting first novel. Mr. Stacey is a journalist, and in *The Brothers M* there is a streak of near-journalism—which happens to be so much the better for the book. In the world we live in, there is a very obvious place for Mr. Stacey's novel.

In Miss Heinemann's book there is a streak of near-documentary—strong enough for people who define the spectrum of permissible components of 'The Novel' very narrowly to say *The Adventurers* does not get in. They will be depriving themselves; without removing the place, in the world we live in, for Miss Heinemann's novel as well. Though Miss Heinemann's literary technique is some way from perfect—she tends to proceed by establishing a series of points instead of by narrative; and she frequently does not use the dramatic conflict underlying a scene to clinch the scene, until the final confrontation between Tom and Dan, which she brings off triumphantly—her novel, too, is interesting. It is interesting for the living picture it gives of the nexus of human activities surrounding the getting of coal. One never doubts that Miss Heinemann knows her stuff here. The novel is

full of meetings, between miners, union organizers, employers, N.C.B. bosses, journalists—and meetings cannot fail to contain drama. They are interspersed with domestic scenes which are deeply felt and moving. It seems to me that Miss Heinemann approaches the working-classes with something of that peculiar romantic vision which goes with a particular innocence about the power-struggle. A hard-bitten unpolitical person expects that in any power-struggle both sides will be *beastly*—however idealistic their motives. All the same, for ideas clothed in the flesh about how miners' lives look from the working-class end, Miss Heinemann's novel is first rate.

Lastly *The Foxglove Saga*—here the old-fashioned literary aesthete, who believes that when everything is said and done about a novel it is 'The Writing' that counts, will find himself on home ground. For a young man of twenty-one, the sheer writing of *The Foxglove Saga*, especially in its opening chapters, is a remarkable performance. Mr. Auberon Waugh is clearly a born stylist, and I doubt if there is anyone who would not lay odds on his sustaining, on this basis, a literary career. Mr. Waugh's satirical attitude depends on his having a sharp eye for other people's being (i) common, (ii) priggish, and (iii) wrapped up in their own concerns—it is the last which is easily the most attractive, and which is the source of his funniest scenes, the scenes when the boys find themselves in a Commando regiment known affectionately as the Pigs. But if one takes a more synoptic view of Mr. Waugh's potentialities, the odds are not so certain. *The Foxglove Saga* abounds with gratuitous touches of cruelty. Apparently for fun, Mr. Waugh makes at least two characters go off their heads, another lose a limb, another be blinded by her own baby, and so on. If these are just added schoolboy touches, O.K. But if they are signs of an inherent unfeelingness, a permanent frigidity of temperament, then Mr. Waugh, with all his talent as a writer, will be bound to suffer limitation as a novelist.

WILLIAM COOPER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

'Who Pays the Piper?'

FROM A WEEK'S good viewing John Elliot's 'Who Pays the Piper?' (October 13) is the programme that has remained most clearly in my mind. A dramatized documentary about the lives of the players and administrators of a local orchestra, it was the best thing of its kind for many a week. To have kept interest alive for every minute of an hour without the help of a strong story indicates the skill and assurance that Elliot now brings to his television writing.

In saying that the story was slight I intend no disparagement of the basic idea. It was good in itself and for the purpose it must indirectly have served to draw the attention of a cross-section of the public to the difficulties of keeping an orchestra going in a provincial city. Production (David E. Rose) and camera work were excellent and the acting so good as almost to disguise the fact that it was acting—not always a virtue but in this type of programme undoubtedly so.

Mention of acting takes me directly to Mr. Khrushchev's interview in New York with David Susskind (October 10). I much enjoyed Mr. Khrushchev's performance, though whether it was based on 'the method' or the old-fashioned 'ham' school was hard to determine. Surely it was unwise of Susskind to allow Mr. Khrushchev to steal every scene? The language barrier was a big drawback, and the quick comment and wise-crack lose their point while awaiting translation.

At one moment it looked as if David Susskind had been reduced to the desperate ploy of blowing cigarette smoke into Mr. Khrushchev's eyes but I cannot think that it was deliberate. His

urgent chain-smoking suggested a diffidence that was belied by the aggressiveness of his questioning.

From threats and thoughts of H-bombs it was comforting to go back thirty or forty years and relive with Sir Alan Cobham the early days of civil flying in this country ('The Flying Years, 1919-1939', October 11). Those of us who grew up in that period have become accustomed to hearing it referred to in derogatory terms, chiefly because of what happened at the end of it, but in the air at any rate it was a brave, adventurous time. How remote from the present it already seems! It was a shock to

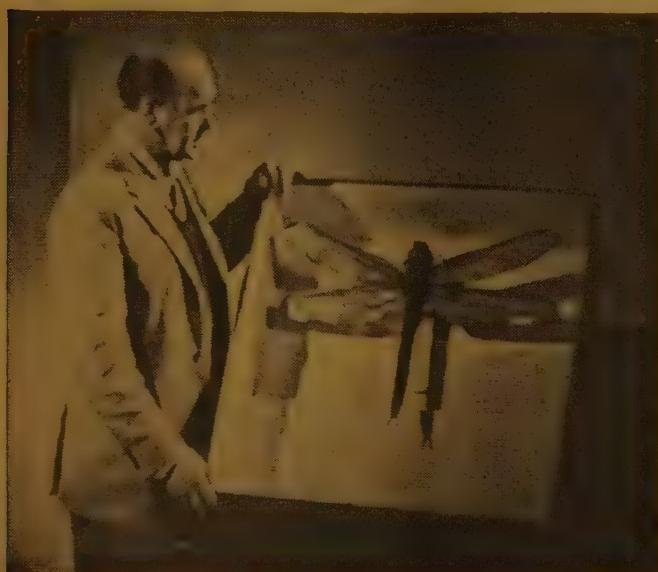


'Who Pays the Piper?': Nigel Stock as the general manager of a local orchestra visiting a patroness during his efforts to keep the orchestra going; behind is one of her musical protégés

realize that one had lived through those far-off years, had marvelled at those biplanes with all that wire and strutting between, hovering over the countryside like ungainly dragon-flies.

Real dragon-flies, apparently, are not the gentle creatures they give the impression of being as they dart over the surface of a summer pond. Peter Scott's first edition of a new 'Look' series ('Dragonflies and Preying Plants', October 12), with the aid of some wonderful micro-photography from Germany, revealed them as voracious killers, with about the most fearsome-looking jaws in the insect world. I was surprised to hear Scott say that they are entirely harmless to man, neither stinging nor biting. They most certainly do the one or the other, and after seeing those jaws I am prepared to believe it was they that caused the swollen, smarting blains I have received more than once when a dragon-fly has settled on my arm.

The second part of the programme, on preying plants, was equally fearsome in its way and equally brilliant in its photography (Hungarian). Scott mentioned that we have three species



From 'Look': Peter Scott with a reconstruction of a dragon-fly which lived about 200,000,000 years ago; it had a wing-span of two feet

John Cura



Mr. Darius Milhaud during a filmed interview in Paris shown in 'Monitor'

of these insect-trapping plants in Britain but did not tell us their names or habitat—an annoying omission.

A Scottish version of 'Face to Face', called 'As I See It' (October 12), differed from the Freeman model not only in name but in purpose. This, I take it, was that the guest should give his personal views on the public rather than private side of his life. Sir Fitzroy Maclean, M.P., has had plenty of public life to comment on but his years in the diplomatic service, combined with what seemed natural reticence, made him less chatty than the programme demanded. Esmond Wright in the B.B.C. Scottish studio was a most competent questioner.

So, on film made by the B.B.C. Film Unit, Scotland, was Robert Reid ('Enquiry', October 14). His questioning this time was directed to finding out why the Scots are leaving the grandly austere regions of the north-west Highlands, and what can be done to stop those that remain from leaving and to persuade others to return. He was given some answers, but I could not detect in them anything that would arrest the southward drift.

Other recollections of the week Robert Kee and Kenneth Harris trying to convince us—and themselves—that what went on in Scarborough last week really mattered; and a good 'Monitor' (October 9) with items on Darius Milhaud, Ben Shahn, and the latest 'Romeo and Juliet' production.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

For Young Viewers

AFTER THE EFFORT of the autumn planning, and that of the new *Radio Times*, the B.B.C. snatched a brief respite television-wise last week. If you forgot the plug for cotton, *Girl in Calico* (October 13)—and I'm trying to—the only new programme worthy of mention was the Sunday play which I shall return to later. This was the only full-length play of the week, and in passing it does underline the curiosities of programme planning that a couple of weeks back no fewer than four productions—three reasonably high-ranking—were put out over the same period.

However, if evening viewing was meagre drama could be sought and found in school hours. These, I discovered, embrace a satisfactorily catholic selection and have in addition the advantages of getting repeats. So far the plays have ranged from Plautus's *The Haunted House* (September 20 and 27), through *Lime from Sicily* by Pirandello (October 4) to the present two-part adaptation of Bernard Shaw's

Androcles and the Lion (October 11 and 18). The presentations are admirably scaled to the tastes of young viewers, though I can imagine an impatient frown or two at some of the dramatic liberties from the precocious and the swots. The Shaw and the Plautus were particularly good choices since the impact of both was clear-cut and unfuzzed by too many niceties. Both lend themselves to bold, simple treatment, throwing up into high relief basic human attitudes. Furthermore, the rough, boisterous humour was of the kind that appeals more immediately to children. Perhaps most important of all were the chances for children of self-identification with the underdogs. This most completely occurred in the classical farce where Tranio strings his masters along by the nose, and then escapes a just beating by wile, as any schoolboy must hope he will.

These productions were sharply paced and well geared to get the feel of the play into the allotted time. Naturally characters were pared to the minimum, and the actors had to rely on personality for impact. Mr. Robert Gillespie brought off a double as the kindly, hopeful suitor in *Limes to Sicily*, in its finely shaded heart-wrenching anguish as different from his outrageously opportunist Tranio as could be



Robert Gillespie as Tranio in *The Haunted House*, a programme for Schools



Scene from *Pay Day*, with Anthony Booth (centre, front) as John Iredale, and (left to right) Zena Walker as Anne, Barry Foster as Matt, and Jane Eccles as Mrs. Iredale

thought possible. In the Shaw drama Mr. Julian Glover's moony turnip of a Captain was a good foil for Miss Ruth Meyers's serenely collected Christian.

Like ham and eggs, winter and Dickens are a cheering combination. *Barnaby Rudge* (Fridays), though not my favourite Dickens novel, I have found at last positively enjoyable in Mr. Michael Voynich's most skilful adaptation, while Mr. John Wood has made a more rational and human Barnaby than my imagination had conjured from the novel. This humanizing is sensible; Dickens's nightmare qualities have a hammer-like touch sometimes, and television, as many insist, has a tendency to point horror unduly. Still we have the good company of Mr. Newton Bick's wise old crow of a Varden and Mr. Arthur Brough's vast father-figure

of a Landlord to redress the balance.

M. Sacha Distel (October 15) whose name has to date been more familiar in this country than his performance, vivified the eternal offspring. Gaily irrepressible, brimming with the zest of youth, he was like a sophisticated Max Bygraves, though infinitely more polished and professional in his approach. His songs whether in English or French, were not really outstanding, yet in the attractive chuckling quality of his voice they shed a suave worldly knowingness about them, so that one was transported to the intimate half-light of a Paris theatre.

Mechanical processes were at the heart of the week's play, *Pay Day* (October 16) by Mr. Roderick Barry, and I confess to finding the drama itself more than a little mechanical. Set in a coal-mining community, it depicted the conflict between the old ways and the new, between progress and stagnation. The *deus ex machina* was a new mechanical coal cutter operated with dedicated enthusiasm by a youngster whose vigour and personality won him friends and a position in the union, despite convictions that his allegiance to the machine blinded him to the human element of life.

But the clash between the groups, resulting as it did in action unacceptable without some sustaining corroboration, never had the reality of the factual scenes at the coal face, and the contrast only served to emphasize the play's shortcomings. On the whole the best scenes often warmly observed were those which had little to do with the main theme.

The principal pleasure of the evening was undoubtedly the outstanding acting of Mr. Anthony Booth as the young go-ahead miner. Gangling, loping in movement like a greyhound crossed with a lazy spaniel, his disenchanted face constantly splitting into ferocious amusement, he produced a

virtuoso stream of moods, ranging effortlessly from cynicism at elderly ideals to high-spirited horseplay with his mates, from outrageous charm and sudden anger at union flummery to a touching relationship with his Italian side-kick. And the superb climax was the fearfulness of his reaction on hearing of the Italian's death. Grief, horror, anger, and despair shook him uncontrollably like a tree by a hurricane, leaving him shattered and faithless, so that his renunciation of the community was in reality the renunciation of his world.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Best Trousers

IN THE PRODUCTION of *The Wild Duck* a fortnight ago we heard Ibsen's reasonable observations on the dangers of having truth irresponsibly scattered around and the troublesomeness of idealists. *An Enemy of the People* (Third, October 12) was written earlier and might be taken to complement or contradict the other play by honouring the idealist and demonstrating the necessity of tactlessness. Of course, the rampant man of ideas is also a fatheaded egotist and less wise than his women-folk. But this does not prevent the political thinking of the play being widely relevant and, indeed, a little advanced for Britain in the nineteen-sixties.

Some of Dr. Stockmann's morals would have fitted nicely as tail-pieces to the national and international news of this week. 'A man should never wear his best trousers when he goes out to fight for truth and freedom' is a plainly established universal truth. 'The fools are in an absolute and dominating majority . . . the minority is always right' are tenable propositions, still a trifle shocking. And there are other hard sayings, such as 'At home you mustn't tell children the truth, and at school you have to tell them lies', and 'The life of normally constituted truths is about seventeen or eighteen years—seldom more than twenty'.

Yet *An Enemy of the People* is more than a revolutionist's or reactionary's handbook. We have been apt to look at Ibsen through Shawian spectacles and in this play there are all the germs of Shaw's case against democracy together with some of his feminism and even phrases like 'the devil's disciple'. But Ibsen's



Sacha Distel, the French singer who appeared on October 15

people have complicated characters as well as interesting ideas, eloquence, and absurd social habits. They are not to be casually admired or judged. Like Shaw Ibsen used the plot structure of conventional melodrama for his own purposes, but those purposes were less doctrinal and more humane.

Dr. Stockmann's battle with his fellow citizens can be interpreted as a good man's fight against a naughty world and in the middle part of this production I thought that George Coulouris, as hero, was getting too much the best of the argument. Hovstad (Malcolm Hayes), the time-serving editor; Peter Stockmann (Derek Birch), the stupid-cunning mayor; and Aslaksen (Brian Wilde), the moderate voice of the solid ratepayer, are a nasty crew and sometimes slipped into caricatured 'baddies'. But they had a case against the missionary recklessness and political innocence of their Medical Officer. The twist in the last act when they imagine that the doctor has been playing the market and arrive to welcome him to the brotherhood of the corrupt is a beautiful disclosure of motive and was excellently managed. It was right, too, that Katherine (Nan Marriott-Watson) and Petra (Betty Linton) should show by slowed and pointed hesitancy their superior knowledge of people and their loving alarm about the progressive discoveries of the head of the house.

I thought R. D. Smith made the town meeting too comically rowdy a battle between silly good and calculating evil; but he carefully let the rest of the morality be as incomplete and disturbing as it should be. It was good, too, that Captain Horster (Wilfred Babbage), who is the most interestingly unexplained character in the play, should have more prominence than is customary in stage performances. As the People are alleged to attend only to Home and Light services it would be stupid to restrict repeats of this play to the Third.

The time allowed for plays on the habit-formed popular wavelengths requires serious investigation, by which I don't mean a measurement of the after-lunch tolerance of the middle-brow or a survey of the switching-off habits of Saturday-night masses. An hour and a half of *Midas Beach* by R. F. Delderfield (Home, October 15) was an appallingly long time for a plot in which every palpitating platitude was grindingly foreseeable and every character was solid cardboard. Actors had to say things like this: 'Now then, you latter-day Long John Silver', or 'We've been greeted with churlishness, feigned and downright stupidity', or 'Let those who are innocent go out into the sun'. Come now!

Saturday Matinée has a period of an hour and is apt to be amusing without pretending to be more. *The Sage of Lin T'ang Valley* by Dick Cross (Home, October 8) was good foolish Chinoiserie in the Ernest Bramah convention. H. B. Fortuin's production rattled through the nice nonsense with tinkly music, an engagingly affected chorus and suitable Chinese laughter. In the same spot *A Feather in his Cap* by Joan Morgan (Home, October 15) was equally gay and professional. The people were rich-poor fugitives from Edgbaston straining to live in the civilized life of the London season, playing at work and calling their daily woman 'Mrs. Thing'. The convention was Coward brought up to date and the production by Robin Midgley neat and dancing.

I have tried a couple of Thirty-Minute Theatres on the Light, *Second Innings* (October 11), and one which I now forget completely. They are too short and too long, and the game was given away by one of those helpful advance announcements for the coming week—not a lot different from this week's, is it? It ought to be, you know.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



Home Thoughts from Abroad

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER once observed that even when he stood in the Court of Lions in the Alhambra, or admired the beauties of Lake Geneva, he was haunted by his own dramatic criticism: by a vague yearning for his weekly task, and by the disturbing thought that perhaps, in his absence, he had missed a masterpiece. Sitting the other week on the shores of the Mediterranean I found myself thinking Home Service thoughts from abroad; and if one cannot hear individual programmes, one can perhaps get a clearer perspective of principles.

My train of ideas was suggested by a leading article in *The Times* on September 30: 'There are those', it said, 'who believe that the B.B.C. and Penguins have been the two most influential educational ventures of the century. Broadcasting's range has been the wider . . .'. It was surprising to find this tribute in a newspaper which (apart from occasional notices of drama) pays no attention to the spoken word. It led me to reflect somewhat angrily on radio criticism. *The Observer* recently published a whole-page memorandum to the Pilkington Committee on 'The Use of Television'. When shall we read a second memorandum on 'The Use of Sound Broadcasting'? Or will critics persist in suggesting that sound broadcasting is only an endearing anachronism, a stage in our progress towards television? This attitude seems to be fashionable, but it seems entirely mistaken; one might equally well say that painting is inferior to sculpture because it is not a three-dimensional art. There is a deplorable need among editors and critics to change their attitude to the spoken word, to remember its scope and influence, and to consider it on its own undoubted merits.

The mention of Penguin Books brings me to 'Paper-backs' (Third Programme, October 11): a diligent White Paper of a 'feature' on the workings and the future of the industry. What principles do publishers follow? Who buys paperbacks, and why? Do paper-backs exist on crude covers and sex and violence, or have they really led to a greater adventurousness and a rising standard in reading? Now, when the first slot-machine for paper-backs has been installed at Liverpool Street Station, and Penguins celebrate their Silver Jubilee, it is an appropriate moment to ask such questions, and Mr. Hoggart duly made us ask them. His programme got off to an awkward start, and I was rather surprised not to hear a comment from Sir Allen Lane (or did he make an anonymous bow in the programme?). All the same, I collected quite a lot of facts and provocative thoughts from this careful, sober and widespread survey.

'The Idea of a Place' (Third Programme, October 9), was a different kind of survey, in which Mr. William Townsend considered two city landscapes: the Golden Lane Estate in the City of London, and the Claredale Street flats in Bethnal Green. Since Mr. Townsend is an artist, the visible world exists for him, and a visual style always makes for a good broadcast. He gave us some sharp vignettes of London, and a sound architectural assessment, and he showed a refreshingly human attitude to town-planning. This talk was warming and distinctive listening.

Another humane and distinctive programme was 'Central Africa: the Roots of Politics' (Home Service, October 13). Following close on the heels of the Monckton Report, Mr. Erskine Childers presented a penetrating and sympathetic account of the social and economic problems in the Central African Federation. It was one of those programmes that said much by tactful implication and careful editing; and I was par-

ticularly impressed by the undergraduate who told us how it felt to be the one black woman in an otherwise white university. The newly elected member of the Salisbury City Council, mercifully anonymous, might have been created by Mr. E. M. Forster. He gave a—to me—stunningly pompous performance which would have earned him a place as a character actor in the B.B.C. Repertory Company. Mr. Childers's programme reached a high standard even for the series 'Matters of Moment'; and that is surely compliment enough.

One matter of moment in sound broadcasting must be mentioned yet again: the B.B.C.'s latest protégé, 'Ten O'Clock'. Are the strokes of Big Ben to be abbreviated, are they to be faded, or are they to be given us in full? Well over two thousand listeners have already sent in their views, and I should like to add that I am in favour of hearing all ten strokes. 'The more important the news', says its editor, 'the more anxious we are to tell you about it without delay'. Does a minute and a quarter make all that difference? And as for 'the couple of extra stories got into the news', do we really need those items about traffic conditions in Cornwall? Are those bits at the tail-end of the news all that urgent or fascinating?

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC

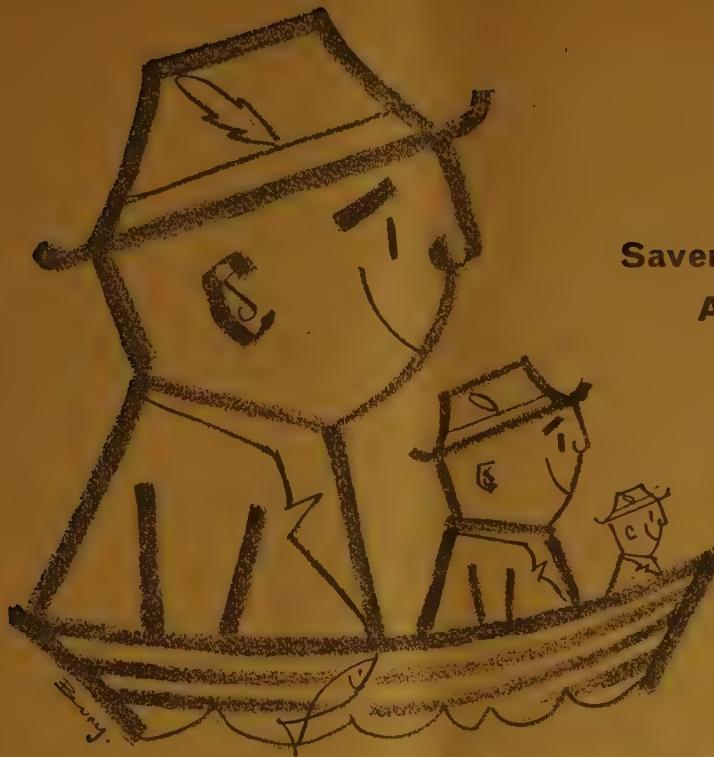


British Composers

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH composers were well represented in the week's programmes, which included an exchange concert of British and Italian music between Turin and London, arranged through the B.B.C. and the Italian R.A.I., and an all-British concert of choral and organ music broadcast from the Church of St. Gabriel, Cricklewood (Third Programme, October 10). Here, Alan Harverson was the organist, and the choral items were sung by the Elizabethan Singers under their conductor Louis Halsey. Apart from three motets by William Byrd, whose polyphonic splendours were well and clearly revealed by the Singers, the rest of the programme was made up of works by four well-known living British composers—Elisabeth Lutyens, Lennox Berkeley, Humphrey Searle, and Anthony Milner.

The organ is not much in favour today among contemporary composers, so it was especially interesting to hear two compositions for organ alone by our leading serialists, Lutyens and Searle. I did not feel altogether happy with the former's *Sinfonia* which seemed to have very little rhythmic impulse and tended to meander, but the very unconventional writing for the instrument produced some intriguing sounds whose astringency I found most refreshing, and infinitely preferable to the thick, plum-pudding texture which so many composers, when writing for the organ, seem unable to avoid. A *Toccata* by Searle, composed in 1956, proved to be a much more dynamic piece of music, equally astringent but much fiercer in character; and here again the writing for the instrument is refreshingly free and unconventional.

The remaining two works in this programme were choral—a motet, *Christus factus est* by Anthony Milner, and Berkeley's *Missa Brevis*, for four-part choir and organ, which was being broadcast for the first time in England. This is a finely written and lovely work exhibiting all the qualities one associates with this composer—lucidity, finesse, balance, clarity of texture, and genuine warmth of feeling—so that listening the other night to this Mass proved to be a most satisfying experience. I also liked the Milner Motet (which, incidentally, must be exacting for the singers) and admired its dramatic intensity and the unconventional but effective choral writing.



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The Turin-London exchange broadcast (Third, October 14) in which works by contemporary British composers were broadcast from Turin and works by contemporary Italian composers from London, was a good idea, but I found the programme inordinately long. On the Italian side the orchestra was the R.A.I.'s own Orchestra Sinfonica, conducted by Mario Rossi, while in London the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra was conducted by Rudolf Schwarz. Three Italian composers were represented—Petrassi, Dallapiccola, and Ghedini, and four British—Britten, Seiber, Searle, and Francis Burt. (I know that Seiber, through long residence in this country, had come to be considered as a British composer, but his inclusion in a programme of this kind, where the emphasis was on nationality, was perhaps a little surprising.)

Let me take the Italians first. Dallapiccola with his extremely attractive *Variazioni* for orchestra was an easy winner, although Goffredo

Petrassi came in a good second with his *Concerto* for strings, brass and percussion, leading by a length or so from Giorgio Ghedini's *Architetture*. The *Variazioni*, composed in 1954 and dedicated to the Louisville Orchestra and its conductor, had never been broadcast before in England, and I hope they will now remain in the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra's repertory. Like all Dallapiccola's music, these Variations, delicate and dynamic by turns, show great imagination and invention, and I found some of them very beautiful, especially the last. The Petrassi work, which was specially composed for the tenth anniversary of the Third Programme, was a complete contrast. His music always has vigour and character and a kind of rugged strength, and all these qualities are present in this *Concerto*. I found Ghedini's *Architetture*, which he describes as 'a series of edifices in sound', rather long-winded and rhetorical—highly extrovert music compared with that of Dallapiccola.

In the Turin studio, Britten was represented by his seventeen-year-old *Prelude and Fugue for String Orchestra* (written for the tenth anniversary of the Boyd Neel Orchestra), of which the strings of the Orchestra Sinfonica della Radiotelevisione Italiana gave a very good account. Pietro Grossi was the soloist in Seiber's *Tre Pezzi* for cello and orchestra, which he played with great conviction and pure tone, and the string section of the orchestra again distinguished itself in Humphrey's Searle's rather monotonous *Poem for twenty-two strings*, which dates from 1950. The only piece in which the full orchestra was heard alone was Francis Burt's *Iambics*, which was first performed at the Baden-Baden festival in 1955 and subsequently, if I am not mistaken, at Cheltenham. It is an interesting work, well written for the orchestra, and fully deserved its place in this international programme. Incidentally, something went wrong in the timing of the broadcast, which overran by nearly half-an-hour.

ROLLO H. MYERS

Samuel Barber and American Song

By SCOTT GODDARD

Barber's 'Hermit Songs' will be broadcast at 10.45 p.m. on Sunday, October 23 (Third)



THERE ARE TWO main types of American music, as a foreigner sees it. The older of them is that which a recent writer has termed the progressive type. Its ancestry is in Charles Ives, John Alden Carpenter, and Carl Ruggles; its later adherents Edgar Varèse, Aaron Copland, Elliott Carter, and perhaps Roy Harris and Roger Sessions. On the other side is a set of composers who have submitted to the influence of true jazz, men such as George Gershwin and Leonard Bernstein. Between are some middle-of-the-path composers who stand firmly and with a certain rigidity, it seems to us here, though it is evident that they are not indifferent to the claims of the groups on either side. Of this central group Samuel Barber is the most distinguished representative among the composers of his age, the early fifties.

It has been said of these composers that they are less exploratory and forward looking than the Copland-Carter type, less immediate in their impact on youthful taste than the jazz classicists; and that in comparison with either type they seem to be less vital and assertive. Yet in the healthy development of a relatively young art, as present-day American music appears to be to an outside observer, there has always been room for such middle-of-the-path composers. In their calmer process of thought, they provide the necessary equilibrium without which this music would falter for want of a guiding principle to which its various stages of development can be referred. One thinks, in this connexion, of the steady influence in European music of Brahms's traditionalism standing between the experimentalism of the Wagner-Liszt group and the nationalistic, folkish type of the Russians and of Bartók's first maturity. Comparison between cultures so disparate as the nineteenth-century Teutonic and the twentieth-century American is inevitably inexact in detail, but it serves to demonstrate the value in American music today of this central group with its trend towards tradition and its air of orthodoxy rather than iconoclasm.

Judged according to the time-scale of Asian music or the less ancient European music, American indigenous music is young; roughly, the age of organized Oriental music is, at a

highly speculative computation, nearly 4,000 years; that of European music some 2,500 years; that of northern America barely a century. This means that an American musician can escape the burden of tradition that weighs heavily upon his European colleague, causing him to adopt increasingly grotesque attitudes as he tries to shift the burden from his mind. Americans attitudinize also but their moments of uncouth affectation are the outcome of the pressurized existence of life today. For a rootless art, trying to create a durable native tradition, these conditions of excessive speed, instant communication, and rapid change produce the very opposite temper of mind from that which in the past slowly formed traditional native arts. American composers seem to live a peculiarly intense life. A few appear to withdraw themselves, as far as they are able, into something approaching the seclusion of the philosopher. They belong to the central group where Samuel Barber may be found and if, as seems the case, their music is esteemed, rather than acclaimed warmly, it does provide relatively quiet anchorage. Perhaps it is there that tradition will strike its roots.

American song from Ives to Copland and Barber gives evidence of this intensity at the outer edges and comparative calm at the centre. In their songs the groups seem to be much less acutely differentiated than they do in their instrumental music. The voice is still held in esteem for its capacity for lyrical expression. So much so that even acknowledged experimentalists such as Ives and Copland are often content to treat it with respect, that respect which Barber, the conservator of tradition, the creative musician keenly aware of an extra-American inheritance that he is willing to take into account, has always shown in his songs.

A recent broadcast recital of songs by Ives represented him at moments when he exercised skill and care in writing for the voice, manipulating it as one who realized its value as an expressive medium of the finest lyrical quality and producing songs of considerable subtlety. At the end of this recital was the startling *General William Booth enters into heaven*: Ives is ever eclectic (the other songs might have been written by Groves or a follower of Mussorgsky)

and here the brash popularizer reaches out towards the masses and produces not a song but a dramatic scene, demanding of the singer not lyrical sentiment but an outburst of feeling that does not stop short of an occasional shout.

Copland's reputation is that of a composer who has not flinched from the angular outline, the discordant texture, and the rhythmically ingenuous pattern when it served his purpose, as in *Billy the Kid* or in *El salón México*. But his songs reveal quite another aspect. The *Twelve poems by Emily Dickinson* cannot be classed among his experimental outer-edge music. The poems are handled with delicate fingers. The touch is gentle for voice and piano, both; the piano accompaniment supports, sometimes urgently, the fourth song, for instance, that opens with 'The world feels dusty, when we stop to die' and it does so with careful restraint. Even when the fingers are clenched in 'I felt a funeral in my brain' there is no parade of brute force, only a sense of insistence restrained by instinctive sympathy. The songs set a pattern for others to trace when in turn their fingers take hold on a poem. Such songs are worthy of comparison with the best that have been written anywhere during this century. One feels that a tradition is being born.

Those very words would apply to Barber's songs. As an instance there are the ten *Hermit Songs*. They appeared in 1953 and are settings of anonymous Irish texts dating from the eighth to the thirteenth century, all of them short, most of them mere scraps of gnomic and pithy prose. It was as a song writer and singer of his own music, in the subtle and sensitive *Dover Beach* (1931), that Barber first became known abroad. Later came three settings from Joyce's *Chamber Music* and gradually more songs have been added to the list. The *Hermit Songs*, slight and concentrated, are prime examples of his most refined artistry. In these songs, as in those just mentioned by Copland and in others by Roy Harris and Lukas Foss, there is nothing slapdash, none of that hit-or-miss impetuosity that Ives and Varèse have been known to tolerate. The *Hermit Songs* are carried through with absolute assurance and, like Copland's songs, they are part of the eloquent development of solo vocal music in its most keenly perceptive state.

Flowers for Spring Bedding

By F. H. STREETER



BY CAREFUL SPACING and using suitable plants you can have colour in the flower garden all through the winter. Take the winter-flowering pansies for instance: they are wonderful flowers; nearly always a few blooms open even in the worst of weather. If you can manage a whole bed of them at nine inches to a foot apart they will quickly cover the soil, and no seedling weeds will bother you. The only thing is to keep the fallen leaves from the trees picked off. If they become grouped they may cause a bit of damping off. Winter-flowering pansies are nice plants for window boxes too.

Another flower to make a show is the large flowering daisy. The giant doubles as a groundwork for tulips or daffodils are a joy to see. The number of flowers each plant will bear is really incredible, and so are the colours: white, pink, red, or mixed, whatever you fancy. If you have a rockery or stone edgings to your paths, plant a few groups of Dresden China daisies: they are little beauties and keep on flowering as long as you let them or until they tire themselves out. Daisies are not particular as to soil, as long as it is not too wet and soggy.

Then you should have plenty of wallflowers. Put them wherever you can find space. Two or three plants dotted about in mixed borders always add to the interest and you get that

wonderful scent running through the garden. Or why not try beds of them in separate colours? Nowadays the old blood-red is intensified, and then there are golden yellow, primrose, pink, and a variety called Persian Carpet which



A new strain of polyanthus

describes its colour well. Always lift wallflowers with the roots intact in a good ball of soil. Too often one sees the plants pulled up by having a fork thrust down close to them and then being pulled out with a heave so that they lose three parts of their roots and often a few of the lower shoots too.

Select long-stemmed tulips to go with the wallflowers so that the tulip flower stands well above the rest of the bed; and choose colours that harmonize with one another. Plant the bulbs and wallflowers at the same time.

One often sees forget-me-nots planted as an edging to beds; but a groundwork of them for any kind of bulbs is charming. They rather rob the soil, so do not overdo them: try to get a light, graceful, and dainty effect. There are lovely blues to be had these days, and also a white variety which is just right if you have dark-coloured tulips to go with them. Do not put them with yellows: keep to good blues with them to bring out the two colours.

Have you seen any of the present-day polyanthus? They are something out of this world with the wonderful improvement in colour, scent, and stalks. Of all our spring flowers I think the polyanthus and blue primroses have made the biggest strides. If you can manage a bed or border of polyanthus, please do—they are worth it.

—From a talk in the Home Service

Bridge Forum



Answers to Listeners' Questions—I

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

In the present series on Network Three, bridge questions submitted by listeners are answered by a panel. Throughout the series Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer in this column some of the questions not included in the radio programmes.

Question 1 (from John M. Phalp of Sunderland):

'There is a convention about which I have read, but I cannot remember where, or precisely how it works. It is an ace-showing convention which indicates, when two aces are held, which two aces they are. Can you enlighten me, please?'

Answer: The convention to which you refer is the Roman Blackwood. By this method, after a conventional bid of Four No Trumps, the response of Five Clubs shows no ace or three aces; Five Diamonds shows one ace or four aces; Five Hearts shows two aces which are either both black, both red, both majors, or both minors; and Five Spades shows two aces which are of both different colour and different rank.

It is assumed that there is virtually no situation in which the responses of Five Clubs and Five Diamonds may be misunderstood. The following hand, which was bid on a programme in Network Three, illustrates the working of the Five Spade response:

WEST	EAST
♠ K Q 10 4	♠ None
♥ A K J 9 7 6 4	♥ 10 3 2
♦ 8	♦ A K J 7 5 3
♣ A	♣ K Q J 6

This is a possible auction, with the Roman method.

WEST	EAST
2 H.	3 D
3 H	4 C
4 H	4 N.T.
5 S	7 H
No Bid	

When West shows two aces East knows that they are different in colour and in rank. Since he himself holds the ace of diamonds his partner's red ace must be the ace of hearts, and since his aces are different in rank his other ace must be the ace of clubs and not the ace of spades.

Question 2 (from J. C. Hudson of Ashtead), who asks how the following hands should be bid: West dealer; Love all:

WEST	EAST
♠ A K 5	♠ Q J 4 2
♥ A 7	♥ 9 3
♦ A K Q	♦ 8 4 2
♣ K 9 7 5 3	♣ Q J 8 4

and says that his own auction was:

WEST	EAST
1 C	1 S
3 D	No Bid

Answer: By Acol methods, the style which has the majority support from tournament players in this country, West qualifies for a conventional opening bid of Two Clubs. East would make the negative response of Two Diamonds, West would continue with the limited bid of Two No Trumps, and East would raise to Three No Trumps. A heart lead would almost certainly defeat the contract, but the inability to find the fit in Clubs and the safer game must be accepted as a penalty of the system.

The opening bid of One Club in Mr. Hudson's sequence clearly provided a better opportunity of reaching the optimum contract. East's response of One Spade was probably a mistake. With a hand worth only one bid and with such clear support for partner's suit it is generally best to make a simple raise in that suit. It was a mistake, too, to pass the bid of Three Diamonds, which was an unconditional force. If East had responded either Three Spades or Four Clubs, it might still have been difficult to keep West out of a slam—and perhaps that is the weakness of a simple opening bid at the one level on so strong a hand: there may be no subsequent safe way to show such great strength.



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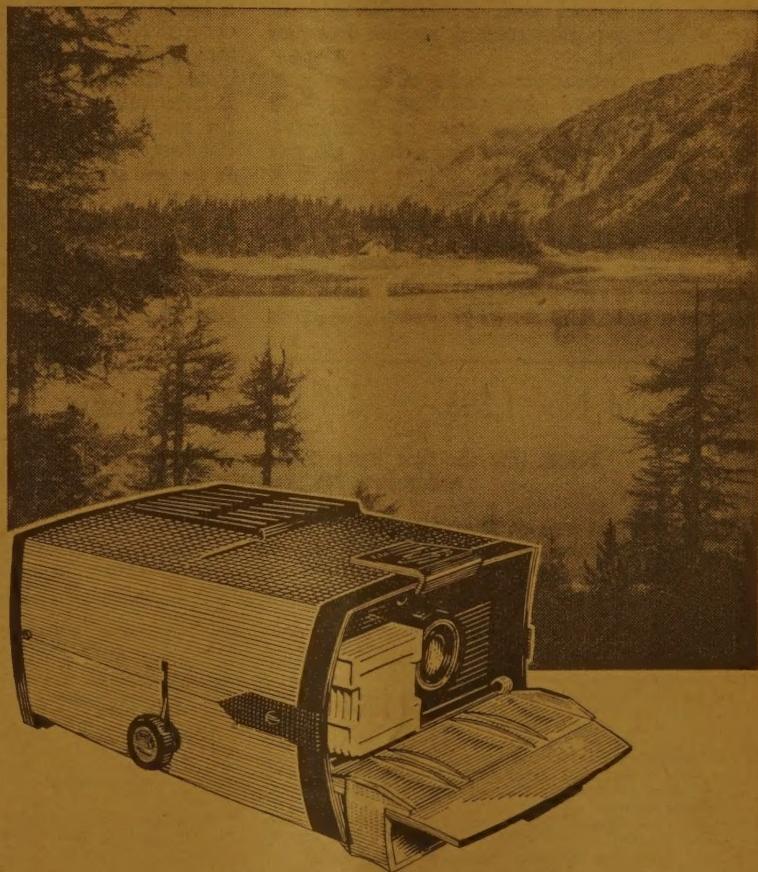
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How to Shop for Meat

By A. E. SYRETT



WE BUTCHERS have to sell at least four hind-quarters to one fore-quarter, and that is what puts up the price of certain joints, such as sirloin, topside, and fillet steak. A good cheaper cut is brisket. If you ask your butcher, he will bone and roll it for you. It is lean and, cooked really slowly, is equal to sirloin and easy to carve. About 2 lb. would make a joint for a small family. Try top ribs roasted on the bone, or boned and rolled.

A cheaper stewing steak is leg of beef or shin of beef. These need longer cooking, but have a good flavour as they are more on the gristly side, and the flavour is in the gristle. Do not be frightened of a little fat on your meat. It is proof of good meat, and the meat will not shrink so much. It is the fat running into the lean that makes it moister and more tender.

Rump steak, for frying, is much cheaper than fillet, and it is very good. Failing the rump, you can buy a top rump steak, or second, which is

cheaper still. If you cook the second steak slowly, it will be good. The thing to do before you cook it is to beat it. Lay it on a table and beat it with a rolling pin.

On lamb the legs, chump chops, and loin chops are the dearer cuts. There are only two legs on a lamb: the front joints are shoulders. That is why there are only six chump chops on a lamb, three on each side, which makes them expensive. The cheaper cuts are again from the forequarter: shoulders of lamb which can be boned and rolled, and best end of neck which is good rolled or on the bone. For stewing, ask for middle and scrag, or try chump ends. Do not forget to allow for the weight of the bone: 1½ lb. will serve three people.

If you like fat meat, breast of lamb is delicious. It is tender and sweet. You can buy two, and roll them together, or roll one round stuffing.

Do not forget about offal. A good ox liver is extremely good. You get more flavour with the English ox liver than most livers, and it is the

cheapest type. Lambs' hearts or pigs' hearts, with stuffing added, can be roasted or casserole and make a pleasant dish.

—‘Woman’s Hour’ (Light Programme)

Notes on Contributors

MARGERY PERHAM, C.B.E. (page 665): Lecturer in Politics, Oxford University, and Fellow in Imperial Government at Nuffield College; author (with Lionel Curtis) of *The Protectorates of South Africa, and of Lugard—The Years of Authority*, etc.

ASA BRIGGS (page 671): Professor of Modern History, Leeds University; has been appointed Professor of Modern History, University College of Sussex, from next year; author of *Victorian People, Friends of the People, The Age of Improvement*, etc.

NORMAN HUNT (page 676): Lecturer in Politics, Oxford University, and Fellow of Exeter College

R. J. Z. WERBLOWSKY (page 684): Reader in Comparative Religion, Jerusalem University; author of *Lucifer and Prometheus*

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD (page 686): editor of *Punch*; editor of *Pottery and Glass*, 1944-50; author of *Britain Inside-Out*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,586.

Chop Logic.

By Leon

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, October 27. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked ‘Crossword’ in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor’s decision is final.

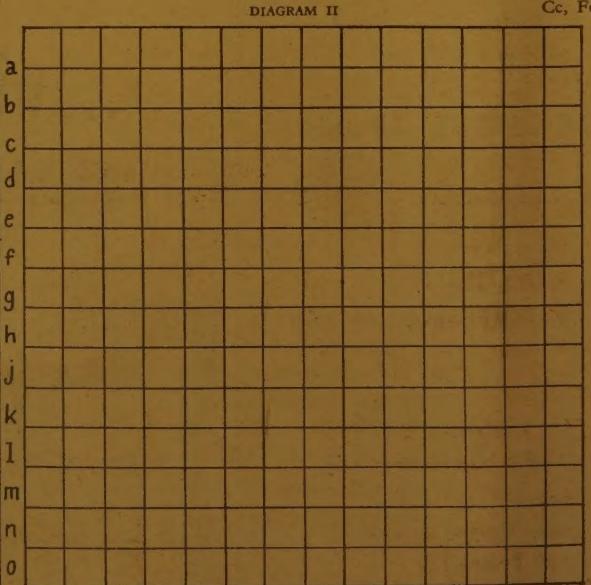
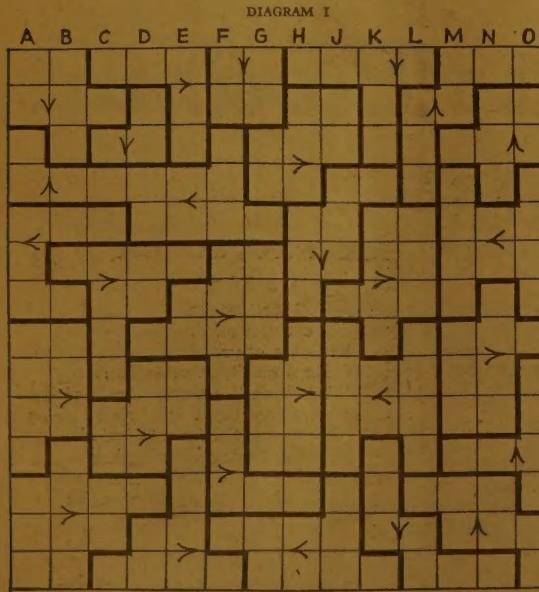
This week solvers are presented with three puzzles in one. First, diagram I is to be completed; this is achieved by entering the individual letters of each light in accordance with the bilateral indication and the direction of the arrows, e.g., Aa refers to the top left-hand corner square and the appropriate letter would be entered upside down. Each arrow covers a section, the boundaries of which are the thick bars. Letters in the same section must all be written in the same direction; that is to say, if the arrow pointed to the right (→), this would mean that all the letters of that section were to be written as if the top of the diagram were on the right.

For the next step, solvers are asked to imagine that each section of diagram I is a piece of a jigsaw which can be

rearranged so as to form a new square: diagram II, such that all the arrows point in the same direction, i.e., the top of the page. Solvers should complete diagram II by inserting both the letters and the thick bars in accordance with the new arrangement; it is not necessary to insert the arrows, since their direction is given.

Having properly completed Diagram II, solvers will be able to read a 17 beginning at the top row. For their third and final task, solvers are asked to solve the 17, sending their solution together with the completed diagrams I and II.

All answers to the clues are to be found in *Chambers’ Dictionary, Mid-Century version*.



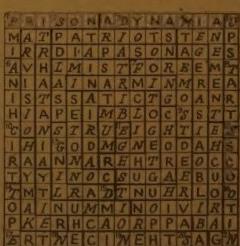
CLUES

- ... an affectioned ass, that — state without book (El, Gb, Cf, Ng)
- A waste of material, so to speak (Ec, Lf, Bn, Ge)
- Habit prolonged, will not (Mc, Nb, Os, Ja)
- Seems to suggest that canned beef is a poison (Bk, Mh, Jc, Kh, Ob)

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Solution of No. 1,584



1st prize: Douglas Hawson (Rillington); 2nd prize: H. J. Godwin (Swansea); 3rd prize: A. N. Dowswell (Sutton).

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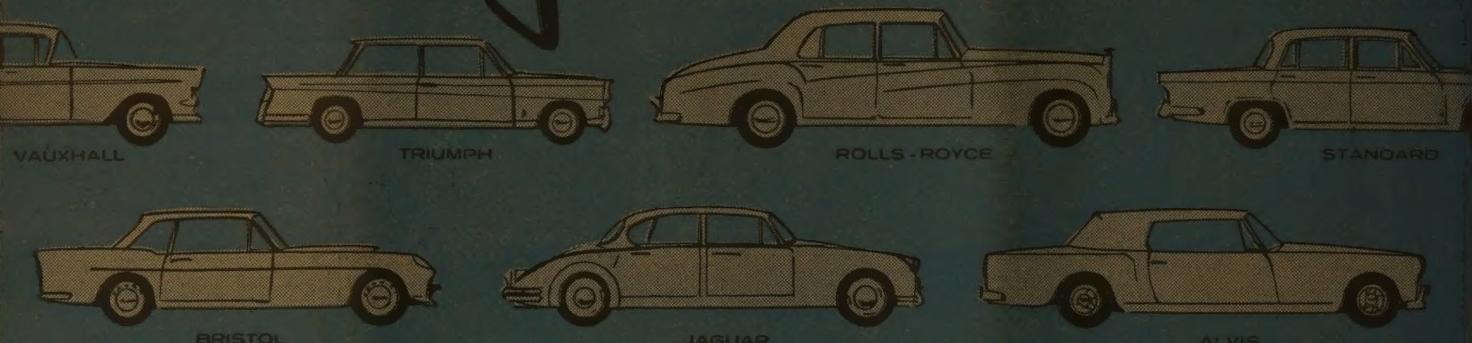
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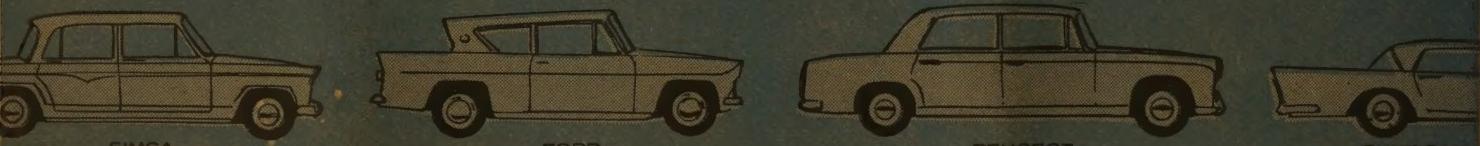
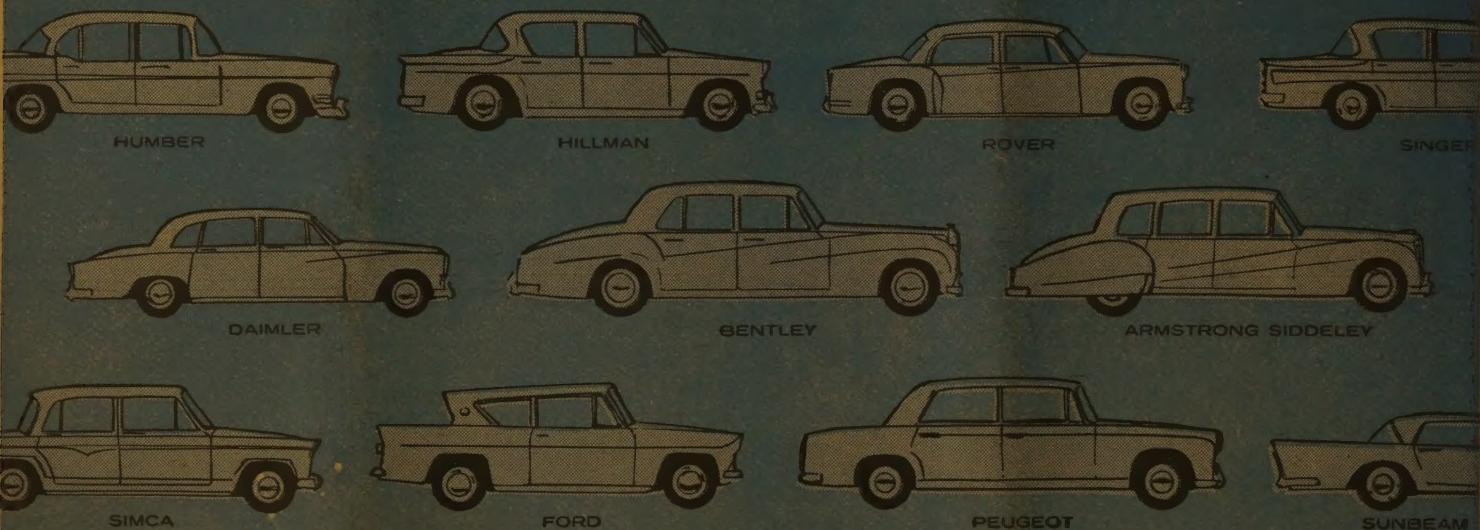


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